

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

---

NOVEMBER 1899.

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*AN EDITOR AND SOME CONTRIBUTORS.<sup>1</sup>*

BY JAMES PAYN.

LONG years ago, 'when life and hope were new,' I received a letter from him whom Bret Harte calls 'the Master,' and who is the master still to my contemporaries in literature, praising some contribution that I had written for 'Household Words,' and bidding me be of good courage. It was a kind thing to do, for his written words were literally golden, and his time very precious. Moreover, though a very young beginner I had met with many rejections as a would-be contributor, and might well have been even despaired of by an impatient judge.

But the fact is that what made Dickens a model editor was his passionate attachment to the profession he adorned. All men of letters were akin to him, and the humblest writer, provided he could show himself fitted for the calling he had chosen, was as a younger brother. Thackeray and Trollope, though both kind-hearted men, had not this feeling, and, as editors, were not to be compared with him.

The effect of this encouragement upon myself was little short of magical. A squire of old, who had been knighted by some Bayard for small service, might have felt similarly elated, and resolute to do something really meritorious in repayment for his spurs. He would perhaps have made a vow to 'our Ladye' to perform some pious act; and I made a vow to myself that, if

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VOL. VII.—NO. 41, N.S.

ever in the years to come I should find myself an editor, I would take example from the one who had, as it seemed, made a man of me.

Whether that vow was kept it is for others to say; but I certainly was always in sympathy with those who strove, literally enough, to 'make their way through the press,' and win a name for themselves at the pen's point in the lists of literature. To narrate my experiences, which extended over forty years, would fill a volume, but I have set down one or two that occurred in connection with my younger contributors, who naturally always interested me the most.

In no case have I exaggerated the facts, but as these neophytes have become more or less well known in literature, I have so transposed matters as, while apparently making identification easy, will render it impossible even to the parties themselves.

Of course most contributors are personally unknown to their editor—though that is never the fault of the rejected ones, who always believe in the virtue of an interview, so that the poor editor is obliged to employ a sort of 'chucker out' to keep himself private—he has to make a picture of them in his mind, gathered from the nature of their articles.

On several occasions I had had some very bright sketches of country life from a young sportsman who, though he was mostly on horseback, seemed to have eyes about him for other things than horses and hounds. Then he sent me a short story of military life, a little erring, as was to be expected in a youngster, upon the side of fastness—too much cigar smoking and too many brandy-and-sodas—but very graphic and entertaining. As my people were mostly military, it interested me more perhaps than it would have done others, and it interested *them*—which it was rather difficult for any story-teller to do—and thereby proved its genuine character.

I was rather pleased when the young fellow wrote that he was coming up to town to see me, and I made him an appointment for that purpose.

At the hour arranged for I was annoyed by my confidential clerk bringing me in a card with 'Miss Norman' on it. I said, 'I do not know the lady, and you are well aware that I do not see people who have not an introduction.' 'She is very ladylike, sir,' he answered, 'and pretty.' It was a wrong remark for him to make, of course, since it almost suggested that good looks were a

passport which should be reserved for true merit; but I said I could give her two minutes.

Accordingly she was ushered into the hall of audience, an apartment, by the bye, on the third floor, and always in a state of litter. She was comely enough, but I at once explained to her that my time was precious, and that I had made an appointment for that very hour. 'You will show Mr. Marchmont up, when he comes, at once,' I added to the clerk, with significance.

'But I *am* Mr. Marchmont,' said the lady.

You might have knocked me down with a feather.

Nothing she had written had given me the least hint of her being of the fair sex. Nay, what would to my mind have done away with all suspicion, had I entertained any, was that she had always taken my alterations in her sketches with the greatest good-nature. As a rule, if you venture to hint that this or that falls short of excellence in a lady's contribution, she is surprised, and by no means pleased; 'any other fault she could have imagined in her composition, but you must excuse her remarking that the paragraph in question was written with particular care, and, if excised, the whole article would be spoilt.' Miss Norman had acquiesced in every suggestion, and never remonstrated even at a deletion.

Her father kept hounds, her brothers were in the army, and her writings had taken colour from their red coats. She had felt that if she wrote as one of her own sex, there would be a doubt of her knowing what she wrote about, so she adopted the pseudonym of 'John Marchmont.' By that name she afterwards became known to a large public, who is as much deceived up to this very day as I was.

For some time, though intermittently, I had been receiving certain sketches of London life in the East-End, of which I thought very highly. It was long before the days when 'slumming' became fashionable. The place was a *terra incognita* to the majority of our readers, and the articles had attracted much attention. They were written by one James Harrison, evidently a man of education and refinement, and yet showed an acquaintance with his subject—how the very poorest live—which spoke volumes either for his philanthropy or for his love of adventure.

I received these articles at long intervals, as if he seldom visited the place in question, but when he did so he evidently investigated them with great thoroughness, and described them

with a realism that in less delicate hands might easily have been offensive. He always wrote, however, with good taste, though not perhaps with that sympathetic pity with which a man, presumably of good position, should regard the privations of his less fortunate fellow-creatures.

I had a good deal of correspondence with him, and had more than once asked him to call upon me, but he had never done so. His letters and the cheques they enclosed were invariably addressed to him at some post-office instead of a private house, and whenever he was thus communicated with I noticed there was a long interval before we heard from him again; this is unusual with young contributors—he had told me he was young—upon whose imagination cheques have generally a prolific effect; they begin to write at once on the receipt of them.

One day my clerk came into the room with a troubled face, as though something unpleasant had happened; he said that a man had called that morning before my arrival, giving the name of Harrison, and that he had been sent away, but was now returned.

‘Why had he been sent away,’ I asked, ‘since you knew that I wished to see him?’

‘Well, sir, I thought he was an impostor’—of whom indeed we have many—‘but since he has come again——’

‘Show him in,’ I interrupted, much displeased that discourtesy should have been offered to so valued a contributor; yet when he entered I felt that the clerk had had every excuse for his conduct. I thought for the moment that I was in the presence of a street beggar.

The man was in threadbare black, without a sign of linen about him; his buttonless coat was fastened across his chest with a pin, not because it was cold, for it was summer, but obviously to conceal the absence of a shirt; the collar was turned up, doubtless for the same reason; his shoes were patched, and the sole of one of them was loose and flapped as he moved. Yet the voice was singularly gentle, though rather hoarse, in which this scarecrow observed with pathetic cynicism: ‘You have expressed a wish to see James Harrison; here he is.’

From that moment I had no doubt of his identity. I offered him a chair, and he sat down with his hat—such a hat!—in his hand, and looked at me with earnest eyes. They were not bright eyes, yet they had keen intelligence; his face, though pale and haggard, had a pleasant expression; his head had but little hair



on it, yet his whole expression was youthful, the remains of a wasted youth.

'I have not had the pleasure of a contribution from you for some time,' I said.

'No,' he answered with a smile. 'Your last cheque, you see, was a larger one than usual. So I had to run through it. However,' with a rueful look at his clothes, 'I have done it at last, so thoroughly indeed that I have not a copper to buy ink and paper with, so I had to come to you after all.'

He had evidently put off the evil day, on which he had to exhibit his degradation, as long as possible.

'Do you mean to say you have literally not a penny?'

'I have not a *farthing*,' he replied, with a sort of chuckle that was far more pathetic than a sigh.

'And are the experiences you have written for me not only real ones—of which I am well convinced—but your own experiences?'

'They are. I have plumbed the depths of human misery.'

His story was distressing, but he had no complaint to make; he seemed to well understand that he owed all his misfortunes to himself. He was naturally idle, and would only work when compelled to do so. All his money had been spent on his education, so that for years he lived from hand to mouth. Of late years he had taken to opium-eating, which had destroyed what little remained of energy. Yet he retained his wits.

A ten-pound note had quite a magical effect on him; he came to dine with me the next day at a restaurant—I did not venture to ask him to the club—a well-dressed and intelligent young fellow, and a very interesting companion. I got him a situation on a newspaper, where he stayed six months. Then he 'went under' again, emerged fitfully for a few years, and eventually fell a victim to his drug.

One of the most common faults of literary contributors is bad handwriting; how can they expect even the kindest of editors to wade through their hieroglyphics in search of buried merit? On the other hand it is true that some editors share this unfortunate drawback, and I have been accused of it myself.

My enemies called my caligraphy a scrawl, while my friends confined themselves to saying that my telegraph hand was better than my writing hand. Sometimes I have had letters from a contributor saying he had received my obliging communication,

but could not gather from it whether his article was accepted or rejected. Of course, these people are very stupid; 'the clearest hand,' says Goethe, 'cannot be read by twilight,' but when I am writing to lady contributors I always take great care to be distinct, because they always give themselves the benefit of the doubt whenever there is one.

I had on one occasion received from a young lady in the country a charming set of verses, which I had hastened to acknowledge. Editors get so much poetry, and almost all bad—when people write in verse they seem to think that they are inspired, and therefore above criticism; so that when anything really good comes of this kind, it is very welcome, and we write to say so. Under such circumstances a gushing answer generally comes by return of post, and editor and contributor join themselves into a mutual admiration society.

But in this case I got no reply. This so amazed me that after a while I wrote again, expressing a hope that my first communication had not miscarried. It had been only a postcard, such as I usually send when accepting small poetical contributions, but I had always found it sufficient for its purpose. This young poetess, however, was not, it seemed, so easily satisfied; she appeared to think a postcard beneath her dignity, for in her reply she enclosed the one I had sent to her.

'Sir, the cause of my silence was that I saw no sufficient encouragement in your communication, enclosed, to offer another contribution.'

My postcard was as follows: 'I hope to make use of your pretty verses.' Not an elaborate eulogy, it is true, but perfectly polite and appreciatory.

A friend happened to call upon me while I sat with this inexplicable letter in my hand.

'What do you think of this?' I said, giving it to him to read. 'Poetesses are kittle cattle to deal with, are they not?'

'But you were not civil to the lady,' he replied. "'I cannot make use of your silly verses" was downright rude.' *That* was what he had made my postcard out to be, and so had the poetess! I had never had the fact of my handwriting being but indifferent brought home to me before.

The great happiness and crowning success of an editor's career, is, of course, the discovery of genius. Like gold, though it is sure to be found sooner or later, its early recognition depends on

its detection by an expert. I do not say that I was a better assayer than my neighbours, but I was certainly very fortunate in my 'finds.'

There are some authors who are to me 'as captain is to subaltern,' whom I had the pleasure of raising from the ranks, and who still, like all generous minds, exaggerate the obligation. I was their Master of the Ceremonies, and introduced them to the public a few weeks earlier perhaps than they would have introduced themselves; that is all.

And there are others, alas! who gave me the same opportunity, but I did not take advantage of it.

The best editor is he who makes fewest mistakes. After all, though naturally the successful contributors excite greater interest, the less successful ones arouse more sympathy, if at least they have any merit in them. A dullard is out of place in literature, and should be courteously but firmly discouraged—here and there they make a hit—an 'outer,' never a 'bull's eye'—and they think fame and fortune are within measurable distance, but they never see either.

Their pleadings would move a heart of adamant, but not an editor's. The reason is—and let all would-be contributors lay it to heart—that his magazine is not his own but his proprietor's; he must be just before he is generous, because if otherwise he will be giving away other people's money—a very expensive sort of charity.

Some contributors will write about a rejected contribution, when it would be so much better to treat it as spilt milk—wipe it up and say no more about it. One unfortunate young lady wrote to me: 'How could you, *could* you, return my story by the five o'clock post? You *must* have known I should get it the last thing in the evening, and be kept awake by the thought of it all night.' Whereas the consideration in question had never entered my mind.

One piece of advice to all literary aspirants I would particularly offer. Do not send a letter to the editor longer than, or even so long as, the contribution itself. He does not want to hear that your contribution has been written three times over, or that it represents your best thoughts for years, or even that it has been written with your lifeblood. He has heard all that and more from fifty other young gentlemen and ladies.

## *SOUTH AFRICAN REMINISCENCES.*

BY SIR JOHN ROBINSON, K.C.M.G.

LATE PREMIER OF NATAL.

### I. THE OUTGOERS.

SOME twenty-three years ago a visitor from South Africa called upon an eminent firm of publishers in London to make inquiry concerning a certain manuscript that had been left with them many months before. It was the work of a busy man who had been relegated to private life by his constituents in consequence of political differences which, for the time being, had placed him on the unpopular side. In other words, having been released at a recent election from legislative duties, I had occupied my unwonted hours of leisure by the production of a novel. Mr. Lamprey, who then filled the position of Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society, a post held by him to the time of his death, was primarily responsible for the genesis of that work. We had both lamented the lack of interest and appreciation which then prevailed in regard to British colonisation, and he had suggested that a work of fiction setting forth as simply as might be the early experiences of British colonists in the southern world might prove useful and popular. On my return to South Africa, being, for the reason I have named, in command of the time required for such a literary diversion, I set to work and wrote 'George Linton; or, the Early Experiences of a British Colonist.' Confided to the care of a friend in London—whose younger brother was himself a very eminent novelist—the manuscript had been submitted to different publishers and readers, without having as yet found acceptance. The theme was not then as fashionable as it has since become. For some time past I had heard nothing of the venture. Being in England on official business, and armed with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, I called upon the firm with whom the package had last been left. The genial head of the publishing house, when the matter had been named, gave an exclamation of relief and pleased surprise. 'Was it in a little case about this size?' he eagerly asked. I replied in the

affirmative. 'Then it is not dynamite,' he rejoined, with obvious satisfaction. That the humble and inoffensive offspring of my brain should be capable of such a classification was too astounding a proposition to need denial. Nor did the effect it subsequently produced upon the public mind in any way justify such an imputation of explosive quality. I could not help feeling, however, that the relief engendered by the discovery that the little case did *not* contain either dynamite or any other 'infernal' compound or contrivance contributed to the favourable reception accorded to the contents. It appeared that somehow the case had been left without address or explanation. It was a time when dynamite 'scares' were rife, when 'outrages' were not infrequent. The mysterious little package, of sinister size and aspect, with neither owner nor sponsor, had been, not unnaturally, regarded as 'suspect,' and had been suffered to remain in the cellar, untouched and unmolested, until such time as circumstances might lead to its identification.

So 'George Linton' appeared in the autumn of 1876. Though the edition was, I believe, sold out, the book was hardly to be regarded as a success. Owing, perhaps, to its own defects, and also to the prevailing indifference at that time to colonial subjects, the reception given to the book was only lukewarm. The writer had striven to be realistic, but as the reality itself excited neither interest nor enthusiasm the effort was necessarily a failure. One journal, it is true, and the one whose good opinion I valued most, gave it the distinction of a long and even flattering review. The 'Spectator' closed that kindly notice by asking 'for more.' I had originally intended to follow up 'George Linton' by other recitals of experience and adventure, but more pressing duties and labours supervened, and both impulse and opportunity were lacking.

I have been told that 'George Linton' failed in not being either one thing or the other. It was not sufficiently either all fact or all fiction. I now propose, without any drafts upon imagination, to recall from the recollections of fifty years' life as a colonist certain reminiscences that may serve to illustrate the birth and the growth of a British colony during the last half of the present century. Of all the decades covered by the history of Anglo-Saxon colonisation, the 'fifties' of the nineteenth century were in a social sense the most prolific and significant. They were in a peculiar sense a period of seed-time and fertilisation. It was then

that to Australasia and South Africa the stream of outgoing population flowed forth from the parent shores. In the first case gold discoveries were the magnetic power that drew men southward. California had already, during the closing years of the previous decade, been the goal of a similar migration. In South Africa the golden lure was not to operate until the century should near its close. As far back as 1820 a body of British settlers had emigrated to the eastern province of the Cape Colony, there to be the pioneers of a thriving community. They were succeeded by no others until a speculative Irishman—one Joseph Charles Byrne—organised a scheme of emigration to Natal. He had obtained from the young Government there certain grants of land, upon which he proposed to plant English settlers, who for a payment of 10*l.* each were to receive, per head, a free passage out and twenty acres of ground in the colony. Both bait and grant were ridiculously small—at that time the normal area of a South African 'farm' was 6,000 acres—but they sufficed to tempt forth the class which of all others was perhaps the least fitted for the life that lay ahead. Society at that time was suffering from the effects of speculative madness. The great railway gamble, in which George Hudson was the dominant figure, had blasted many fortunes and ruined many households. People of all classes, but especially middle-class folk, had been smitten hardly. Persons accustomed to more or less comfort, if not affluence, had risked all, and sometimes more than all, of their possessions, only to find themselves and their families—had they any—stripped and destitute. With little, if any, prospect of speedy retrieval in the old country, the lure of golden opportunities in unknown lands beyond the sea to men in such plight was irresistible. They were the easy prey of the wily speculator. Reckless of their own inexperience and ignorance, they accepted the terms offered them with a confident optimism that took no heed of warnings or of facts. They were told that the African land to which they were being beguiled was fair and goodly, with a soil of marvellous fecundity and a climate of rare excellence. 'Port Natal' was in their eyes a Land of Promise, where two crops, at least, could be reaped yearly, and life was free from the hard conditions that beset it in the old world. So in dozens, in scores, and in hundreds, they took their passages and packed up their traps, and set sail in one or other of 'Byrne's ships,' to begin from the moment of

their setting foot on board a piteous and inexorable process of disenchantment.

Half a century has passed since those days, but my recollections of that first voyage are as vivid as ever. The experiences of childhood are sometimes more deeply graven on mind and memory than are those of a much later age. One or two of them may be worth recalling, as there are none such nowadays, when gigantic steamships—those 'mighty shuttles of empire'—carry men to and fro across the ocean with a speed and comfort of which passengers fifty years ago had no conception. In 1850 hardly one steamship had yet crossed the Equator. The vessels which bore the emigrants were sailers, mostly—though not always—of an inferior class. Badly found, poorly manned, horribly provisioned, they were abodes of misery to most of the wayfarers in them. The space between decks, where the latter herded, had been hastily fitted up in the coarsest fashion. The intermediate or second-class passengers had rough pens miscalled 'cabins' assigned to them, run up on either side, with a rough plank table and backless benches dividing them. The steerage passengers, whether married or single, occupied sleeping-berths opening endwise direct upon the common feeding-space, with such curtains veiling them as, for decency's sake, the inmates might themselves provide. Admission to these dark and stifling depths was obtained by ladders fixed to common hatchways, down which the only light available found scanty ingress.

Feeding arrangements were equally primitive. Once a week the stores, provided according to a dietary scale, were served out to both classes; the recipients had to do the rest. The rough old 'salt' dignified by the style of 'cook' had charge of the 'galley' on deck—an open stove, where he boiled or baked, in the order of their coming, the contents of the nets, cloths, or pans, promiscuously shoved into oven or boiler, as prepared by the owners below. Of the quality of the stores thus dealt with the less said the better. Bought in the cheapest market, subject to no inspection, in too many instances foul, rotten, weevilly, such as in these days would be condemned as unfit for human food, it is marvellous that the stuff so consumed did not breed pestilence amongst those who had perforce to subsist upon it or to starve. That it failed to do so can only be ascribed to the counteracting effects of pure sea air. It is bad enough for hardy and seasoned seamen to live for months on impenetrable 'biscuit' and leathery junk, but it



is infinitely harder for women of softer fibre and gentler lives to have to do so—as did, with strangely little murmuring, Byrne's emigrants to Natal at that time.

But, in truth, these experiences are best forgotten. There is no satisfaction in recalling their squalid aspects. I was a child then, and thought less of them than I should at a later age. Those upon whom the brunt of them fell—the mothers and the grown-up women—God bless their sweet and ennobling memories!—have mostly passed to their rest, full of all the honour due to bravely borne trials and patient toil. It is well, however, that a later and more happily endowed generation should know what sort of life the earlier outgoers of Greater Britain had to face and to endure in days that are not yet venerable.

The ship in which I first sailed to South Africa was 117 days on the voyage from London to Natal, and 98 days from Plymouth to Durban. During that period she sighted land only once before the shore of South-east Africa rose in view. In the middle of the great South Atlantic, about halfway between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, three small islands rise out of the ocean. Of all the islets of the sea they are perhaps the most lonely. Tristan d'Acunha is the largest and the only inhabited one of the group. Its companions, Gough Island and Inaccessible Island, regard it bleakly from a distance. Stern and forbidding as is the aspect of the first-named, it nevertheless was a very welcome spectacle to the weary emigrants aboard. Live stock, poultry, and vegetables, had long vanished from the gaze of the few favoured people in the cuddy, and when, the morning after we first sighted the island, Corporal or 'Governor' Glass came on board with his crew of skin-clad islanders, and with a modest store of flesh, fowls, and sheep, he was welcomed as heartily as though he had been a gold-laced representative of the Queen he served. Some of our passengers rowed ashore at the back of the island in one of the ship's boats and never returned; for the next morning a dead calm fell, and our ship—there being no safe anchorage—drifted in shore and got entangled in long masses of trailing seaweed. So closely were we drifting in towards the breaker-crested rocks that much alarm was felt as to the issue, and all the remaining boats were let down to do what their crews could to drag the ship's head off shore. It was an anxious time, and fears were freely expressed until, as afternoon drew on, a blessed breeze sprang up from the island and bore us merrily on our way.

It would profit nothing in these days to recite the repulsive details of life in a mid-century emigrant ship. In the case of old and seasoned voyagers there might be some mitigation, but as most of the hapless passengers had never crossed the sea before, experience was seldom available. Tin pannikins and platters mostly formed the table equipage. Floors and tables were seldom if ever scrubbed. Scraped they were, as the voyage advanced, at long intervals, the dirt of weeks being thus removed. Of the atmosphere 'tween decks the less said the better. For months or even years afterwards, the 'smell of the ship' haunted the nostrils of the emigrants with a sense of loathing that no words can describe. Long before shore was neared the water supply ran short, and the foul contents of the wooden butts that did duty for tanks were doled out in pints and half-pints for the relief of palates parched by the sun of a southern summer. Occasional sips of lime-juice were more precious than nectar ever was. But why continue the dismal record? I recall it now only by way of encouraging a spirit of contentment with the happier conditions of the present time. Let those who grumble—as some do—at the food and accommodation enjoyed (and I use that word in its literal sense) on board the great ocean liners of to-day think of the experiences which befell their forerunners, and be abashed by the contrast.

And yet there are redeeming touches in the retrospect. The expansive influences of the sea on deck, combined with the bitter lessons that were being learnt below, helped to train and fit the pioneers for the work before them. The majestic and ever-changing aspects of the encircling sea must always have a tonic and bracing, if not an elevating, effect upon the human mind, while the hardships and privations of the new life schooled the sufferers for the business that awaited them ashore. As distance grew between the old world and the new, as the southern stars displaced the familiar constellations of the north, the emigrants became inured to novelty, and nerved to face with equanimity whatever surprises or disappointments might be in store. There is much pathos in the vision of these slow and shabby little sailing-ships following each other across the mysterious ocean, each with its company of helpless, ignorant, trustful people, wandering to a wild and unknown country on the shores of savage Africa, in quest of a new home and a new life, amidst scenes and surroundings utterly alien to all past experience, and absolutely

without any personal knowledge of the conditions they had to encounter. Had any of them been questioned as to their expectations in setting forth, the answer would probably have been largely tinged by recollections of 'Swiss Family Robinson' or 'Masterman Ready,' or by the romantic stories of imaginative travellers and adventurous missionaries.

But the voyage, with all its unsavoury associations, was soon forgotten when the emigrant—or 'immigrant' as he then became—was once ashore. How passing fair the coast of Africa seemed on that Sunday morning in March when first we saw it closely! For a month our ship had beaten up and down the seaboard, vainly trying to make the roadstead of 'Port Natal.' Again and again foul winds had driven her out of her course and sent her southward; but at last fate was kindly, and a light breeze off the land found us running cheerfully to the north-eastward, within full view of as soft and sweet a coast-line as ocean's surges lap. The shore of Natal is neither mountainous and frowning like that of the Cape of Good Hope, nor flat and marshy like that of Delagoa Bay. It is hilly, sylvan, and singularly attractive. Every few miles, streams that have passed down wooded valleys run into the sea. From the strip of dazzling sand-beach below, upon which the breakers pound or croon incessantly, hills of modest height rise more or less abruptly. They are skirted with thick bush, over which the plumes of the dwarf palm or *strelitzia* droop gracefully, while their grassy brows are dappled with patches of woodland. Beyond, the land rises rapidly to higher altitudes, seamed by deep gorges, but keeping a level continuity of outline until the far western horizon closes the pleasant prospect. The outlook from the sea reveals a luxuriant and attractive land, with a manifest capacity for tilth, depasturage, and home-making; a wilderness, as we knew it to be at that time, but a wilderness, nevertheless, of bounty and of beauty.

Africa as seen from the sea seemed an idyll. Africa as it proved to be ashore was disenchantment. Natal, when I first landed there, had only seven years been a British dependency. But eight years had passed since the Boer trek farmers fought with British troops for the possession of Durban. Ten years before that the country had been devastated by the trained hordes of Chaka. Though so young in the eyes of civilisation, the land had already a history, and a bloodstained one. Somehow, none of us thought anything about that as we drifted over the harbour

bar in a flat-bottomed surf-boat. It was a fine day and the sea was smooth, and the bush-clad bluff which guards the all but landlocked bay looked as beautiful as Ellen's Isle as we passed along it. Nimble and naked figures bounding along the sand-dunes opposite were taken to be baboons or monkeys, but we were told that they were 'Kaffirs.' That was our first introduction to the baffling savage. Not long had we to wait for a closer acquaintance, as the women and children of the party were borne ashore on the backs of laughing barbarians.

Then began our first experience of the Dark Continent. On a sand-mound above the landing-place stood the little blockhouse, with its garrison of a dozen redcoats, who then sufficed to uphold the majesty of British rule at that remote outpost of the Empire. Two or three old carronades of a type now extinct peeped harmlessly out of the undergrowth. Three or four small thatched cottages, with a more solid brick building in their midst—the Custom-house—represented commerce and civilisation on the threshold of the colony. A winding track, deep in sand, led for two miles through a jungly thicket mantled with sheets of gorgeous convulvi to what was supposed to be the 'town.' Durban then consisted only of about a score or so of thatched shanties with walls of 'wattle and dab,' scattered about a trackless waste of blown sand, with clumps and patches of 'bush' to redeem it from desolation. It was no uncommon thing for new arrivals to wander from end to end of the place without knowing that they were there. The immigrants were mostly encamped in tents pitched on the outskirts of the bush, the rough wooden 'barrack' provided for their accommodation being wholly inadequate for their needs. Some of them, who might have a little money in their pockets, were fortunate enough to secure tenancy of such small hovels (for to English eyes they were nothing better) as might have been erected and left by predecessors. Rougher or humbler abodes could hardly be imagined, and yet to women of gentle nurture they seemed havens of rest and comfort after the ships they had left. Nothing by way of domicile could be more crude. The floors were of mud smoothed over with cowdung. Walls might or might not be whitewashed. Doors and window-places might or might not be filled in with planks, calico, or matting. Ceilings were not. The little enclosure outside, which did duty for 'cookhouse,' might or might not be roofed in, but it was certainly without grate or stove. Fires were lit upon the ground,

and bits of stone held up the frying-pan, pot, or kettle which sufficed for culinary purposes. As for food, that was as it might be. Happy they who could manage to make and bake a loaf that was not leaden or a 'scone' that could be masticated. If firewood were not gathered amidst the surrounding bushes, it could be bought for twopence or threepence a bundle from the natives, who were also ready to sell fowls at threepence or sixpence each, and pumpkins, calabashes, or water melons at like prices. They also brought maize in baskets, with wild fruits, and eggs of doubtful age; milk in bottles, too often half churned in transit, and with a flavour, alas! all its own. Mats and baskets, reeds and brooms, of native workmanship also helped, at trifling prices, to equip the simple households of the pioneers.

It is astonishing, when reduced to rudimentary conditions, with how few of the accessories of life civilised men can get along. Though it was the fashion in those days to lament the conveniences and luxuries that had been left behind, I do not know, on looking back, that people were actually much the less happy because they had to do without so much and to be content with so little. With very few exceptions they were all in the same case, though those that had been used to least, came off the best in the experience of privation. Yet not wholly so. It is worthy of note—it ought never to be forgotten—that the gentler bred of these outgoers faced their privations, in most cases, with a brave disdain of circumstance and a cheerful acceptance of their lot that might well be called heroic. Coarse and humble though their surroundings might be, they never forgot what they had been, and never ceased to be what they were. In those days casual travellers would often be surprised on reaching some distant homestead, and after begging there a night's lodgment—the common and necessary practice—to find within its rough walls and amidst its slender resources the unmistakable evidences of personal culture and refinement—the tell-tale accent, the stray books, the treasured print or picture, the manner, the allusion, and the mien that betokened a different past. As an old colonist I love to think and am proud to write of these scattered households, veritable oases of gentle life in the wilderness, reproducing in savage Africa the best qualities of our race, and sending forth sons and daughters to perpetuate those qualities through other generations amidst the changeful conditions of a new land.

Yet let me not be mistaken. I have no desire to imply that

mere grade of birth or class secures any superior capacity for the work of civilisation. My only aim is to show that gentleness of birth or breeding was not in itself any disqualification for the rough-and-tumble business of pioneering. It is not less pleasant to be able to say that to people of humbler upbringing the colonist's life almost invariably proves a ladder that leads upward and onward. It means social advancement and mental expansion, even to the original settler himself—possibly the home labourer, or artisan, or the cottage farmer; the life has a mellowing and broadening tendency. It is proverbial that possession of property develops the conservative instinct, and most effectively converts the restless agitator into the steadfast supporter of law and order. This truth is being constantly exemplified in the colonies. As his acres multiply and his wealth increases, the man who lands an eager and clamorous agitator or Radical soon changes into a cautious and circumspect citizen, by no means anxious to upset existing systems or institutions, and always bent upon knowing the reason why. The less education he may have had himself, the more anxious he is that his children should have advantages denied to him. While, as regards himself, it is astonishing in many instances how soon the prosperous colonist of humble origin acquires a certain fitness for public duties and social responsibilities which would seldom have been open to him in older spheres.

At that time, however, the sphere of public activity in Natal was as contracted as it could be; at any rate in Durban, the seaport. The little inland town of Pietermaritzburg was the seat of government and the centre of official authority, but on the coast signs of administrative activity were almost imperceptible. The collector of customs acted as magistrate, and he was supported by a badly paid person in plain (and very shabby) clothes, known, politely, as a policeman. At first there was no place of confinement for prisoners, but ere long a tiny cottage was secured as a gaol. Its walls were built of clay and twigs, and could easily be broken through by the hands of an enterprising inmate; but the rigours of existence there were slight and escapes were rare. Unruly captives were clapped into the stocks, or handcuffed, while the certainty of a flogging if caught again acted as an effective deterrent upon efforts for liberty. Municipalities and juries were all unknown. Postal facilities came first as acts of grace on the part of the worthy old Baron who was good enough to receive and to dispense the correspondence of the community. Commerce was

transacted in an easy and dignified fashion which mocked any thought of vulgar competition. Storekeepers—there were no ‘shops’ then—were gentlemanly and friendly persons, who did not disdain to exchange for coin or kind anything that their motley stocks might include, whether food, hardware, or dress. Wrapping-paper and twine being as yet superfluities, purchases were carried away in canisters, baskets, or bags by the grateful buyers. Civilisation in its rudimentary stages implies unconstrained equality, artless confidence, and cheerful content. It is sad to think how soon these qualities disappear as the community advances, never to exist again. It is something, fifty years later, to feel that one has witnessed life under such primitive, if not Arcadian conditions, and to know from actual experience that it is possible for European men to live, not unhappily, with so little to help, to guide, to serve, or to equip them in the struggle of existence. One’s faith in human nature is strengthened, one’s disdain of mere conventionalism is quickened, by the memories of those early days.

Byrne’s earlier emigrants were not long ashore before they discovered that the conditions under which they had been decoyed across the sea were delusive and visionary. The lands promised them were unsurveyed and unsuitable. A twenty-acre lot was a ridiculously inadequate area under any circumstances as a means of subsistence. The cotton plantations of which they had heard existed only in imagination. It was still an open question whether cotton could be grown with success or not. As a rule the emigrants knew nothing whatever of agriculture, while those who had been accustomed to farm life in the mother-country found their knowledge and experience all at fault in South Africa. Of cotton cultivation the whole were equally ignorant. Not many weeks sped before meetings were held, committees appointed, and memorials signed for the purpose of securing better terms. Unfortunately, the first Governor of the colony died early in his administration. His successor (Mr. Pine) had yet to arrive, and relief had to await his advent. When he landed in April, 1850, from the little gun-brig employed to convey him to his scene of duty, he found a band of Englishmen ready to meet him with a list of grievances worthy of their nationality; and it is but right to say that he at once perceived the hardships of their case, the justice of their claims, and the necessity of redress. So the twenty-acre lots became forty-five-acre grants, and other concessions were authorised. It is pleasant to know that some of the grantees



occupied their allotments and left their mark in several localities of the colony. The story of their struggles would be an honourable record, and would suffice clearly enough to show how it is that the Anglo-Saxon has proved mankind's best coloniser. Failures did not daunt nor disappointment outweary them. Though hardly one grew, or tried to grow, cotton, they grew other things. Sugar, arrowroot, ginger, cayenne, corn, potatoes, pumpkins, coffee, and tobacco, all were tried, with more or less success, and despite all sorts of difficulty. Cattle, pigs, and poultry were everywhere a resource of the farmer or the planter. Native labour was uncertain and often scarce. Capital was lacking; credit was not easily commanded. Transport in a comparatively roadless and bridgeless country was tedious and costly. Markets were variable, and often unprofitable. Pests of all kinds had to be encountered. New diseases were ever springing up. Droughts and floods followed each other, and frost alternated with fire as the dread of sugar-planters. There was ever something destructive or detrimental to engage the attention or energies of the producers. 'The drawbacks of agriculture' became a common phrase of sinister significance. But still the pioneers strove and struggled on, and still the fair wilderness continued to blossom under their labours, while stubborn Nature wrestled with them for the produce of their hands.

My desire in these pages is to depict as briefly as I can from my own experiences and recollections the evolution of a British colony, and if in doing so the recital should be somewhat grim, fidelity to truth compels me to make it so. With later developments brighter aspects may reveal themselves.

## GEORGE BORROW.

THERE has been of late a great rising again from the shelves of George Borrow. Every magazine has its article upon him, and the tardy publisher at last begins to advertise the much-needed 'new and complete' edition of George Borrow's works. All this is consequent upon the publication of Dr. Knapp's 'Life of Borrow'—the first authentic life of the man which has appeared since his death in 1881.

Now it is more than fifty years since the Borrow books were published—time enough, surely, for a reputation to be made; time enough even for it to be made and forgotten and made over again; and this is a good deal what has happened to Borrow's reputation in these fifty years. 'The Bible in Spain,' and 'Lavengro,' and 'Romany Rye' created an immense sensation in their day, yet it is a surprising fact that even among people who profess an interest in books and are well read in modern literature there is a large class who only know Borrow by name. 'Oh, yes, he wrote about gipsies' is the usual uninterested answer such people give when asked if they know anything about him. Indeed, a vague impression exists in some quarters that Borrow was a sort of lay evangelist, who went about scattering Bibles among the gipsies, and then wrote an account of the conversions he had brought about. 'The Bible in Spain' was perhaps the most ill-advised title that a well-written book ever laboured under, giving as it does the idea that the book is a prolonged tract.

But the new 'Life,' and the interest that it has created, will surely send readers to the books themselves to get all their false impressions put to rights; *after* reading them is the time to read the 'Life,' and not till then. This provokingly exhaustive 'Life' tells us exactly what we do not wish to know; and it has reticences which the true admirer of Borrow feels to be almost an insult. We open it, full of interest, confident that we shall find here the solution of a great many puzzles: and we do not find it. Dr. Knapp tells his readers at once as much and as little as it is possible to tell them. That is to say, he gives aggravatingly precise dates and lists of dry-as-dust details, while he tells us nothing at all about the real George Borrow. Does any one care

to have a list of all the boys who were at school with Borrow at Norwich; or to have a dated list of everything he ever penned, known or unknown; or to be presented with a facsimile of the first advertisement of 'Romany Rye'? Such trivialities are purely teasing in a biography, which should be plainly what it is—nothing more or less than a story. The biographer who makes his hero a hero is the successful writer of lives; and no one who cannot do this should essay the task. Nor should the real biographer resent as 'curiosity' the reader's wish to know the truth about the man he reads of; unless the truth is told in a life it had better not be written, and to 'suppress' facts just because they do not reflect credit upon the subject of them is necessarily to falsify the whole character-sketch. Dr. Knapp perhaps does not actually 'suppress,' but he draws a curtain down with great determination every here and there, always just as the scene is getting interesting. Could there be a surer way than this of bungling a biography?—to tell every unnecessary detail and omit every vital fact.

However, one must 'take what one gets and be thankful,' as the old proverb says, in the way of biography, that least understood of all the perplexing paths of literature. For the generally received idea is that any one can write a life if given the facts, and until that grievous mistake is corrected, we must just read dull lives of clever men with patience, waiting for the clever men to rise who will be able to write even the lives of dull ones amusingly.

Dr. Knapp's object then, in spite of his worship of George Borrow, seems to have been to make him entirely prosaic in the eyes of his readers. There is not a hint even of interest or of romance in these two great volumes. And this is the life of George Borrow, the prince of adventurers, whose books read like a long fairy tale written for grown-up people! All the burning questions which we have on our lips after reading the Borrow books remain unanswered when we have finished the 'Life:' 'What did he do in "the veiled period"—those mysterious seven years that are "omitted" from the Life?' 'Who was Isopel Berners?' 'Did he ever meet her again?' 'Was Borrow mad?' 'Was he a humbug, or did he really take an interest in the Bible Society?' 'Was he happily married to his elderly wife, or did he marry for money?' All these facts may be 'too sacred' for publication, but if they are, then the man's whole life was un-

suitied for a profane public to investigate into, and the 'Life' should never have been published.

I am confident, however, that Borrow's admirers who *first read all his books* and then read his 'Life' will form their own (perhaps mistaken) theories upon his life. They will know well enough whether he ever met Isopel Berners again; and whether he was happily married; and whether he was mad; and what he did in the 'veiled period.' And it is certain that these theories, one and all, will be quite different from the suggestions which are thrown out in the 'Life' by discreet Dr. Knapp.

But I have been writing all this time as if all my readers had read Borrow's life and his books; while the chances are that many of them have read neither, and therefore are quite in the dark about them both. For the enlightenment of people in this enviable state of darkness—enviable because they have such pleasures in store—I must give some details of Borrow's life, and explain, if I can, why it deserves to be written and his books to be read and remembered.

George Borrow was born at East Dereham in 1803. He was the son of a recruiting-officer, and when quite a child was taken by his parents all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, never settling down for any length of time in one place. He was sent to school at Norwich to complete a very desultory education, and finally was articled to a solicitor of that town in 1819. But the boy's real talent was for languages, not for law; he learnt 'any language in six weeks,' as his boast was. So early in life he began to dabble in translation, turning off English versions of Danish and Welsh poems, which did not prove very saleable. At last, after the traditional way of clever youth, he went up to London, and lived there 'from hand to mouth,' doing hack work for a publisher, till he started suddenly off on those travels through England which are described in 'Lavengro,' the most delightful of all his books. Having starved and struggled long enough in towns, he resolved that he would starve in the wide green country now, and not struggle after a livelihood or fame any longer. So through the dear English lanes he travelled, picking up an existence somehow, and falling in (by his own account) with extraordinary adventures. 'Lavengro' tells us all these stories, and as we read it we are lifted into an atmosphere of sudden romance. The lanes are peopled not with the work-a-day men and women of our world, but by a race of beings unlike any we have ever met. We find

them speculating on curious themes in strange language, and it would appear that every wayfarer Borrow met had some odd contribution to make either to his knowledge or to his philosophy. Borrow is always asking questions; it is his 'method' of character-sketching; and by the time he has cross-examined his witness, there he stands before the reader more distinctly drawn by his own replies than if Borrow had spent a page of description upon him.

'What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petolengro?' said I, as I sat down beside the gipsy.

'My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh which I have heard my grandam sing: "When a man dies he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him . . . and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then he is cast into the earth and there is an end of the matter."'

'And do you think that is the end of a man?'

'There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity.'

'Why do you say so?'

'Life is sweet, brother.'

'Do you think so?'

'Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?'

'I would wish to die.'

'You talk like a Gorgio, which is the same as talking like a fool—wish to die, indeed! A Romany chal would wish to live for ever!'

'In sickness, Jasper?'

'There's the sun and stars, brother.'

'In blindness, Jasper?'

'There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!'

You may search literature through for the like of this matchless dialogue, which in half a page sums up the character of both speakers—the anxious, foreboding, melancholy questioner; the merry answerer with his pagan creed and *joie de vivre*. Borrow is always sketching this Petolengro for us, always by the same method of question and answer that is so quaintly effective:

' . . . We are not miserable, brother,' says Petolengro.

'Well, then, you ought to be, Jasper; have you an inch of ground of your own? Are you of the least use? Are you not spoken ill of by everybody? What's a gipsy?'

'What's the bird noising yonder, brother?'

'The bird? Oh, that's the cuckoo tolling; but what has the cuckoo to do with the matter?'

'We'll see, brother; what's the cuckoo?'

'What is it? You know as much about it as myself, Jasper.'

'Isn't it a kind of roguish, chaffing bird, brother?'

'I believe it is, Jasper.'

'Nobody knows whence it comes, brother?'

'I believe not, Jasper.'

'Very poor, brother, not a nest of its own?'

'So they say, Jasper.'

'With every person's bad word, brother?'

'Yes, Jasper, every person is mocking it.'

'Tolerably merry, brother?'

'Yes, tolerably merry, Jasper.'

'No use at all, brother?'

'None whatever, Jasper.'

'You would be glad to get rid of the cuckoos, brother?'

'Why, not exactly, Jasper; the cuckoo is a pleasant, funny bird, and its presence and voice give a great charm to the green trees and fields. No, I can't say I wish exactly to get rid of the cuckoo.'

'Well, brother, what's a Romany chal?'

'You must answer that question yourself, Jasper.'

'A roguish, chaffing fellow, ain't he, brother?'

'Ay, ay, Jasper.'

'No use at all, brother?'

'I see what you're after, Jasper.' . . .

So the pages run, in their audacious newness of method that is Borrow's own invention, and his alone; it is happily impossible to copy, for how tired we should get of indifferently done Borrow! He does not confine himself, however, to two or three principal characters in his books; there are hundreds of tiny character-sketches dropped in, as it were, in spite of himself:

'I met the other day an old man who asked me to drink. "I am not thirsty," said I, "and will not drink with you."

"Yes, you will," said the old man, "for I am this day one hundred years old; and you will never again have an opportunity of drinking the health of a man on his hundredth birthday."

'So I broke my word and drank.

"Yours is a wonderful age," said I.

"It is a long time to look back upon," said the old man; "yet, upon the whole, I am not sorry to have lived it all."

"How have you passed your time?" said I.

"As well as I could," said the old man; "always enjoying a good thing when it came honestly within my reach—not forgetting to thank God for putting it there."

"I suppose you were fond of a glass of good ale when you were young?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I was; and so, thank God, I am still," and he drank off a glass of ale.

This is the sort of thing the books are full of, though *Petolengro*, *Isopel Berners*, *Mrs. Herne*, and the *Flaming Tinman* are the principal characters that are woven into a sort of plot through '*Lavengro*' and '*Romany Rye*.' *Isopel* is the heroine, so to speak, of these books (which are not novels, though they have a hero and heroine), Borrow being always his own hero. *Isopel* appears suddenly in '*Lavengro*'—comes driving her donkey cart into the dingle where Borrow had camped, and there she sees him through his fight with the *Flaming Tinman*, and then she pitches her tent beside him, and we are aware that the heroine has come upon the stage at last. But *Isopel* drifts out of the book just as she came into it, and even Dr. Knapp cannot reveal to us why she came and why she went, and whether she and Borrow ever met again. The '*Life*' assures us that every line Borrow wrote was autobiographical, and that all his characters are drawn strictly from life. Well, they may be; but they have a curiously convenient way of expressing Borrow's own peculiar prejudices, as, for instance, his unaccountable hatred against Sir Walter Scott. It is not likely that two different wayfarers ('the man in black' and the Hungarian) should have expressed Borrow's views on this particular subject as they did.

I am inclined to think that Borrow often invented a character just for the purpose of airing some of his pet ideas through the mouthpiece of a new personage, else, as I have said, their views would not have so often agreed. '*Lavengro*' and '*Romany Rye*' were written long after the wanderings were over, when Borrow's views on all subjects had been formed, and he expresses them frequently in these books; indeed, it is one of the uses of the '*Life*' that after reading it one is able so easily to pick out which are Borrow's views in his writings and which are the genuine



utterances of his characters. Borrow's views are, alas! just what one should skip in 'Lavengro' and 'Romany Rye:' railings against Popery, railings against Sir Walter Scott, railings against publishers and critics—these are the spots upon his feast of charity.

It was at the end of the wanderings which are described in 'Lavengro' that Borrow started on his continental journeyings, and got his appointment at St. Petersburg to translate the Bible into Mandschu-Tartar. This occupied his energies for several years, from 1830 to about 1834-35, when he was engaged by the Bible Society as their agent for distributing Bibles in Spain. It may be extremely uncharitable to say so, but the Bible Society surely engaged a curiously unsuitable agent for their work! What is termed 'the missionary spirit' was not exactly characteristic of George Borrow. 'The Bible in Spain' tells all about what he did on those travels for Protestantism; but good reading as the book is, and ardent as its author appears to be in the cause he has espoused, there is an undeniable ring of falsity through the book. The whole enterprise was manifestly undertaken by Borrow purely in the spirit of adventure and to make a living for himself; while it was demanded of the Bible Society's agent that, in his reports, zeal for the Protestant faith alone should seem to have been his aim when he began the work. So, like everything written to order, 'The Bible in Spain' fails in spontaneity. The adventures, indeed, are written with gusto, and there are enough of them to carry off the woful cant which fills in between scene and scene; but throughout Borrow was pursued by the idea that he was writing for the Bible Society, and was ever artist in direr strait? There is something exquisitely ridiculous in the whole situation—the plight of Borrow, the plight of the Bible Society—it is hard to say which of the two must have been more bewildered. The story goes that '*there always was a large attendance* in the Society's rooms' on the days when Borrow's letters were to be read, and one can believe it. But story does not relate that, in Spain, Borrow sat puzzling over how to dish up his adventures with the proper seasoning of zeal, and, I dare say, wrote many a line 'with his tongue in his cheek,' as the vulgar saying goes. Now, this may be doing Borrow an injustice, but it is certainly the impression which one gets in reading 'The Bible in Spain,' and to read between the lines is often the best way of getting the truth out of a book. Nothing, it is true, could outdo Borrow's hatred of Popery, and he rushed at this part of his mission with a perfect fury of zeal; but a hatred of Roman

Catholicism is quite a different matter from the love of righteousness, which alone can justify 'missions' of any kind whatever; and the distribution of Bibles should surely be undertaken out of a spirit of love, not out of a spirit of hatred! All this, however, did not seem to strike the reading public, and 'The Bible in Spain' remains to this day far the most popular of Borrow's books. Perhaps the religiosity of its phrases actually pleased a large section of the public; more probably the truth is that the class of readers who 'sell a book' are just those who are incapable of appreciating the best things of literature, and positively prefer the second best in art. 'Lavengro' has never reached the same popularity as 'The Bible in Spain,' and it never will, just because it is much better literature.

The last years of Borrow's life are sad to read of. Though his money difficulties were at an end after he married and his books became successful, he seemed to create troubles for himself in a curious way. He was always rushing into controversies with his critics and quarrels with his friends in the most unnecessary manner. A gloom and disquiet hang over these last years; we lay down the 'Life,' wishing that we had not been told about them, and agreeing with Herrick that the poet's poetry should be his pillar. We prefer to forget now that Borrow ever lived to be a quarrelsome, egotistical old man, vain of very shallow acquirements which he immensely overestimated as immortal contributions to the science of philology; and try to think of him as the romantic wanderer with a 'winning tongue' that charmed men's secrets out of them, with gallant bearing and dauntless courage, and all the manly virtues rolled together. Happily this is the picture that the books conjure up when the 'Life' is not at hand for reference, so it will remain as the permanent portrait in the days to come. All poor Borrow's philology (they say) has been superseded by the more exact and scientific methods of this drearily precise generation; some one else has written much more reliable 'facts' about gipsies, quite unadorned by imagination and entirely true; his translations from many tongues are unread, and I doubt if all the Bibles he strewed so industriously over the Spanish Peninsula did very much against the Faith he hated; but when the chaff of his life's work is winnowed away there remains a goodly quantity of wheat upon the threshing-floor. Three delightful books at least remain, which will charm many and many a generation of readers—as solid a contribution to literature this, as most writers can hope to make.

JANE H. FINDLATER.

*MORE THAN ENOUGH MOA.*

HE was a tall, thin-faced, wiry man, with a straggling grey beard and the dreamy eye of one who has lived much alone.

'It was back in the small seventies,' he began, taking the pipe from his mouth and substituting a goodly quid. 'Me and Tommy Logan was runnin' a cutter then, the *Cora* by name, up the coast. For a few years, things was a bit slack, after the Hokatika rush stopped, and we hadn't been doing much.

'Well, one summer we sailed from Dunedin with a cargo o' provisions and such, tools and settry, for the goldfields. We got through the Straits, and hadn't but rounded Puysegur, when it started to blow from the north-west; and by the time we was off Cape Providence I seen it were no mortal good tryin' to hold on our course with the sea gettin' up every hour, a lee shore to reckon with, and our tackle none too sound. So Tom and me reckoned to run for Chalky Inlet. We put her about and went in by the channel to the north o' the chalk island—you can tell it by the white cliffs—and anchored. It blew all that day and the next; and the third day, when we seen it didn't look to be takin' off at all, and bein' pretty sick o' laying there doin' nothin', we up anchor and went for to do a bit o' explorin'.

'In them days it were precious little any one knew about that coast, bar a few old hatters, and they mostly kept what they knowed to theirselves. But one o' them once told me that he had seen gold in a cove at the head o' the Inlet, and I had always had it in my head to go some day and see. Well, here was my slant; so we stood away up the sound twelve miles and more, with the wind comin' strong and puffy off o' the mountains, and a clear sky overhead.

'The Inlet splits into two arms. One runs east, with a lot o' little islands about the mouth of it; the other nor'-nor'-east, with big rough ranges on the western side, and heavy bush on the other topped by high mountains at the back. Up at the head o' that sound the land closes in till the channel is that small you could chuck your hat ashore each side. We lost the wind there in the narrows, but they ain't above a hundred yards long, and we out with the sweeps and took her through, into as snug a little

cove as a bloke could wish to lie in. On our starboard bow as we come in, we seen opening out o' the bush the mouth of a bit of a river. We pulled her in there, and found, close to a waterfall, a ledge o' rocks where you could lie alongside like a blessed quay. We moored her stem and stern to the trees, which grew right down to the water, and got ashore.

'It was just like the old miner had told me; but the place he got his gold was the other side o' the cove. I had done my share o' diggin' in the old Bendigo days; and just you stick a shovel and a dish in an old digger's hand, show him a creek with a bottom o' quartz sand, and see if he don't get the gold fever! So nothing would do but we must get out the dinghy, Tommy and me, and pull across, half a mile or so, to the mouth of the river the old hatter told of on the other side o' the cove, leaving the other two chaps we had aboard as crew, to get some tucker ready.

'We found the river right enough, a good-sized stream, with water to take a boat. So we pulled up a mile or two, to a place where a creek runs into the main river. We started fossicking about, and got colours o' gold; and—well, that settled it, and we reckoned to put in a week there and prospect the country a bit. There was lots o' time. The cutter and cargo was our own, and we didn't call nobody boss. So next day Tom and me started in to work the country proper, and set the two hands to make a camp at the place where the creeks met, and to bring tucker up from the cutter in the dinghy.

'By the end o' the week we had got a bit o' gold—nothing much, to be sure, but enough to give us the old "yaller-fever" bad. So the week went into two; and the two weeks into a month; and the month into more months; and we forgot our cargo and everything else. The four of us grafted like niggers, and yet all we got was none so great when ye come to reckon it to be four men's work for a solid summer. Once or twice we struck a patch. It was all big gold, mind ye! I've seen pieces run a quarter o' a 'weight and more, and we calculated the gold were worth three and nine, by the look of it.

'But after about three months o' this the weather broke, and the hands they grumbled. They didn't ship as no bloomin' Chinamen, they said, to stand in the water on the end o' a shovel slingin' dirt all day. Which was true enough. Well, Tom done all he knew with them—offered to divide and give them a third; but no, they was full up, wanted to get back to town and blow

their cheques; thought it wasn't good enough in them everlastin', rotten Sounds, and reckoned the game was too much like hard work. That's the kind o' muck they was puddled-up and made of—no back-spines to them, and no more heart than a sick potater!

'So Tom judged we'd have to give it best and come another time.

"Well," I says, "Tommy," I says, "if it's got to be, it's blame well got! But give us another three days. I'm goin' up the river to try at the Forks this once more!"

'So Tom, he agreed; but them two hands—sons o' swine!—they wouldn't go up that darned river, no, not if we was to give them a hatful o' nuggets! Well, that was up against the fore-foot, and no mistake!

"We can't go up the river and leave the beggars to clear out with the cutter!" says Tom; "we'll have to jack it up!"

'And I begun to think so too. For two pins I'd have stretched the two o' them, and roped them to the boom until we come back; but Tom, he said that might make a unpleasantness when we got back to port, so I gave it up. But my monkey was up, and I wasn't goin' to be bested by them skowbankers, not until I'd had another buck at it.

"Tom," says I, that night in the tent, "I'll see them jiggered to Jerusalem afore I give up! You'll have to stay by the cutter and watch them, and I'll go up to the Forks. Can you manage them?" says I.

"I'll manage them!" he says, "if I has to do it with a boat 'ook!"

'He was a big hard man was Tommy Logan, and had a arm on him like another man's leg. He was easy-going enough in a general way, but an ugly devil when crossed. So I took three days' tucker and started up the creek alone.

'The Forks is about five mile up, and a thundering rough country it is; but we had blazed a track along the shoulder of the hill through the bush on the right bank. Well, I put in two days and got nothing much; but on the afternoon o' the second, just as I was thinking o' knockin' off, I got on pay-dirt. It was nothing to shout about; but I had seen enough to make up my mind tight that I would not go back to port so long as the tucker lasted, hands or no hands. So next day I made down the river to the camp, but found nobody there. Thinks I, they must have gone back to the cutter; and then it come into my head that them two beauties might have gave Tom a knock on the

head and run off with the old *Cora*. I ain't what you might call timorous, but I tell you I humped myself down that mile and a half to the cove as if I was goin' for a record and had backed myself. 'But when I reached the beach there was the old boat lying snug at her berth in the river-mouth. I signalled with my hat for the dinghy, and presently here come Tommy hisself pulling it. But when he come close I seen he had a handkercher round his old nut, and a pretty pattern of a cut across his right cheek.

"Hullo, Tom!" I shouts, "goin' to do the block in that rig? What have you been adoin' with yourself; and where's them two ornamints o' hands?"

"Tom, he never said one word, but just spat overside.

"Well!" says I when we got aboard.

"We'll have to get back," he says.

"How's that?" says I.

"Just this, Jim. Them two sneakin' hounds waited till I was asleep last night, and then hove tins, flour, sugar, and half the tucker we got overboard, so as we'd have to go back to port for more! I woke and heard them at it; and then——"

"And then?"

"Oh, we had a bit of a barney about it, and they got hurt, and tumbled overboard, I reckon. Anyhow, I don't rightly remember, bein' half asleep, 'cept I know it were mutiny and piracy on the high seas and I got my head broke!"

"Well, there was a pretty pair o' shoes to stand in!—half the tucker gone and all our crew. But I had set my mind to see it through, and wasn't goin' back just when I had struck it good, and I said so.

"Tommy," s'ys I, "you got to take the old *Cora* round by your lone. I stays here!"

"Well, he seen it were no good argufying; so we landed tucker enough to keep me goin' a month or better, which left him plenty to get back on and a bit over. He could work the cutter all right as far as the Bluff, he reckoned.

"So Tom sailed, promising to be back in a month with stores and fresh hands. I got part o' my tucker humped up to my little camp on the Forks, and the rest I put in a futter we built down at the lower camp to keep off the rats, which was outrageous.

"I didn't have much luck, though I got two or three good hauls. The weeks went by; the weather become co'd; and I begun to feel fair full of it. The month run out, and still no

sign o' Tom and the cutter. My stores was gettin' low; but I used to get a *kakapo* (ground parrot) now and again, and once or twice a duck or a *kaka* (brown parrot) and that kept me goin'.

'But it used to be terrible lonesome up there, and I started to sour on it. The Forks was in a big kind o' a basin among the mountains, all shut in by the dark bush, red-pine, and *totara*, and above the big grey rocks of the bare mountain peaks, that solemn and silent. It got colder and colder too. Snow fell on the mountains and the pools would be froze in the morning; for the winter shut in early that year. The nights drew in, and I liked the place less every day I was in it.

'Then my patch o' pay-stuff petered out. My tucker was pretty sad and thin. My baccy give out, which was the worst of it, and then the sugar and tea. It was no life for a Chinaman then. I reckoned I had ten days' flour and no more; and I took to runnin' down to the cove to pray for the cutter, and to countin' the days in pannikins o' flour.

'Well, one day, when things was lookin' as cheerful as a bloomin' funeral, I thought I'd prospect a bit up the right-hand branch o' the river, where I had once got a goodish show in the dish, just to take my mind off o' things. It was terrible rough, but I got away up through thick bush and up some beggarin' tough climbs till I was maybe a couple o' thousand feet above the Forks. I come out on a sort o' platoo as it were, the most God-forsaken country you could clap eyes on—dreary's no name for it! As far as you could see the side o' the range was all quartz-blows cropping out one after another, till you could pretty well trace the course o' the lodes. I tell you, it took my breath away! I forgot all about the tucker and started in prospecting.

'I hadn't been at it two hours when I struck a patch in the bed o' the creek. It went near half a ounce to the dish in places! By gum! I was wild with the fever of it; and next day got up my old "long tom"—that's a long sluice-box, ye know—to wash the gravel in, and a job o' it I had to hump it up them rough hills; but I done it, and got to work.

'Well, the gold was like gravel, it was that big and often. I must have took out ten ounces a day at first: but what was the good? The tucker run out. I hadn't but one pannikin o' flour, some biscuit, and the fag-end o' a piece o' bacon. Still I worked on. Gosh! It was all I could do—just work and wait.

'That last day I had grafted all afternoon on short rations, and was dead beat. It was gettin' on to sundown and fallin' awful



cold, and me workin' in two foot o' water. You see, I had dammed the creek and turned it off to get at the bed of it; and had rigged my "long tom" up to get the fall o' water. And I worked down in the hole I dug, shovelling the gravel into the sluice-box as I went. Well, as I say, I was tired, and sat down on a big stone by the side o' the pool, with my boots in the water and my long-handle shovel in my hand. I sucked my cold empty pipe, and wondered what starvation felt like. And what with the cold, I s'pose, and bein' done, I dozed off where I sat.

'The frost fell black that night. And I guess I'd have been froze stiff, sitting on that stone, and have been dead before morning, if I had been let. But my life was saved, and I'll take my happy Davy there was never a bloke got his life saved that way before! How was it?'

The old man paused, with his eyes fixed upon my face.

'Well,' he said slowly, 'you won't b'lieve me. You'll call it a bloomin' cracker, so it's no use tellin' ye, it ain't; but—well, anyway, I'll tell ye, just as it happened.

'I was asleep and dreamin' most comfortable, when I seemed to feel some one pullin' at my sleeve, jerking at it so as to waken me. I was peaceful like and didn't want to wake; but whoever it was got me by the ear, and pinched it between his finger and thumb, and that woke me!

"Here! What are ye up to, Tom?" I says. "Leave me be!"

'And I opened my eyes.

'I was kind o' sorry I opened them—I was that scared. It was clear moonlight, and there, plain as a haystack, standin' over me, was the biggest beggar o' a bird in the world! He had a leg like a bowsprit, and feet on him like one o' them round parlour tables. He was built on the lines o' a ostrich, only beamier and fatter, and about twice as high. He had sort o' greyish hairy kind o' feathers, a neck as long as a lamp-post, and a little flat head on top. Well, there he stood lookin' down as cool as Billy-bedammed, cockin' his head on one side, like a toff lookin' through a eye-glass, as much as to say, "Who the devil may you be?" I looked for about a minute or two, thinking I was still dreamin'; and then he pokes down his long neck and catches me by the collar!

'With that I let a yell out o' me. And jump? I give a jump that near shook the bones out o' me! And flop I come back on the stone again. Why? 'Cause my legs was fast—yes, *fast*! The pool had froze, and there was my big gum-boots stuck solid

in the ice! I couldn't move them, try what I might. I was froze in like them stories you read of about whalers and such. I went to break the ice, but it were too thick. Then I pulled all I knew to get my feet out o' the boots, but they was jammed hard in, and I seen it were a case.

'Well, I took the shovel that was still in my hand, and tried to hit the big bird a welt over the head with it, but that was no go. The shovel was froze in too, and I couldn't move it! So there I was like a stattoo on a stone, with a bloomin' great moa—for I reckon it was a moa like you hear tell of—peekin' at me to see how I tasted! I was three-parts froze; but I tell you I sweated as I sat there, watching that brute's little beady eye by the light o' the moon. I wouldn't go through it again, no, not to call the gov'nor o' the bloomin' col'ny my uncle!

'Then I got riled and swore at that bird, for a antedelusion, mongrel, old rooster. Oh, I told the beggar what I thought o' him—forgettin' all the time that he had saved my blessed life! But he took it standin' on one leg and very ca'm. And when I said I didn't want to keep no gable-ended, superannual poultry o' his breed, he just stuck his head on one side and listened as solemn as if I was talkin' preaching. He was the coolest bird! You couldn't rile him; and he wouldn't go away. I was gettin' pretty good and cool now too, you can bet, with the frost as thick on my clothes as sugar on a apple pie.

'Well, after a while he kind o' tired o' my conversation, and all on a sudden pops down his head and gives my nose a tweak. I up with my fist and hit him a belt on the eyeball; and with that he come at me dancin' like a bloomin' great indiarubber gamecock, with his feathers all on end and his head bobbing. I picked up a stone and let drive at him; but it was awkward throwing when I was fixed in that way by the feet, and I missed. With that he lifted his foot and let out. I ducked as well as I could, threw up my arm, and managed to save my head; but his great claw ripped my sleeve and layed my arm open two inches long. Then he danced a bit o' a step-dance round me, lookin' for a chanst to get in another hit. That was enough. I gave one howl, and jumped—jumped clean out o' my boots! I don't know how I done it, but I wrenched my feet out someway, and ran!

'But my legs was stiff, like lumps o' ice, and it was like running on stilts. And that bird could streak! I'd like to have a ticket on him for the Melbourne Cup! Afore I rightly knew whether I had any legs at all he reached me, and hit me a kick

that lifted me two yards! But I was up in a second and stumbling on. He kicked again—and he knew where to kick too!—and off I went pilgrims-progressin' heels-over-tip down the bank o' the creek, and every time the right end o' me come up'ards that unnat'ral fowl would kick it good, and send me sprawlin'! Football is a poor game when you're playin' ball—leastways, that's how it struck me. And it did strike me too, that night, pretty bloomin' frequent!

'Well, when I come to myself, I was layin' in the tent at my camp on the Forks. There was a great fire roarin' in the mud chimney at the inner end o' the tent, and old Tommy Logan hisself was rubbin' my legs with embrocation, for they was frozen.

"Jim," says he, "what in all Creatious has you been a-playin' at? You look a pretty various pictur', you do!"

'For I was as full o' black marks as a currant cake, and hadn't as much pants to me as would dress a twopenny doll decent. So I told him all about it, while I was sipping my whisky-hot. But he only winked his western eye, and looked at me longsufferin'.

'Next day I was on my back, and for a week after too. But Tom he went up to look for that sedoocin' bird o' mine, as he said, with a look the same as Moses gave when Ananias spun him them cuffers. In the arternoon he come back into camp as sceptickous as a keg o' nails. He hadn't seen no bird, he said, bar a kind o' goose-bird. But, as I says to him at the time, "Tommy," I says, "you may thank your lucky life you didn't!"

'He found the boots, too, and the shovel all right, which was good enough to show I wasn't lyin', to anything but a unbelieveing dead-eye; and I told him so! And when he said he didn't see no tracks o' the bird, and if there *was* any bird it must have left the marks o' its feet somewheres, I just looked upon him reproachful, and turned myself around and showed him! But even that wasn't enough to get it through his skull.

"Well, Jim," says he, "I can't understand that there bird o' yours. It knocks me!"

'Which was just what I had to complain of, too. Anyway, I'd got quite as much o' that place as I wanted, and o' that bird as well. I didn't want no more—not that kind o' moa, anyhow!'

And the old man, with a grave, sad countenance, rose, knocked the dottle from his pipe to his palm, rejected the remnant of his quid, and, with a sorrowful nod, departed.

VICTOR WAITE.

*A COOKING MEMORY.*

BY LADY BROOME.

I OFTEN think, as I pass the handsome and substantial building in Buckingham Palace Road, known as the National School of Cookery, how much it has grown and developed since my day, over twenty-six years ago.

That was indeed the 'day of small things,' for we started work in a series of sheds, lent by the trustees of the South Kensington Museum, in Exhibition Road, near the present temporary site of the Royal School of Art Needlework. The idea originated with the late Sir Henry Cole, and is one of the many excellent plans he conceived and started. As often happens, the first outcome of Sir Henry's scheme proved widely different from his original intention; but on the whole there is no doubt that the teaching of the National School of Cookery has worked a great improvement in our culinary ideas and knowledge.

Sir Henry at once gathered a strong working committee together, including the Duke of Westminster, the late Lord Granville, Mr. Hans Busk, Sir Daniel Cooper, Mr. (Rob Roy) McGregor, and many other experts. To my deep amazement I was asked to be the first Lady Superintendent, for I have never cared in the least what I ate, provided it was 'neat and clean.' I was a very busy woman in those days, and it seemed difficult to give the necessary time to the school, from 9.30 A.M. to 4.30 P.M. every day except Saturday afternoon. I have, however, never regretted the extra work my acceptance entailed, for it was of incalculable benefit to me to learn Sir Henry Cole's method of dealing with subjects, and to watch his habits of patient attention and care of even the minutest details.

We started with very little money to our credit—as well as I remember, less than two hundred pounds; but Sir Henry had thorough confidence in the depth of the purse of the British public. This confidence was abundantly justified, for want of money was never one of the difficulties besetting our earliest efforts towards teaching a better kind of cooking. We at once set to work to provide ourselves with really good cooks, and in this respect we were exceptionally fortunate, for three out of the

five young women we selected remained with us many years, and indeed they were all very satisfactory. The only thing I had to teach them was how to impart their knowledge, for they jibbed, as it were, at the idea of having to speak aloud, especially to ladies. There were dreadful moments when I feared I should never be able to induce them to accompany their lessons by a few explanatory words, loud enough to be heard, at every stage of the dish. I acted a whole benchful of pupils of every grade of ignorance before them, without eliciting anything beyond painfully deep blushes or an occasional laugh. So long as I was the only imaginary pupil we did not make much progress; but at last I left them alone, to get on their own way, with just two or three clever girls as their first pupils, whom I had previously begged to ask every sort of question about the very beginning of things.

It is amusing to think that my successor—who is still the lady superintendent of the school—was one of those same pupils, and so took an early part in removing one of the greatest difficulties. In spite of much impatience on the part of the public, who were, as usual, possessed by an erroneous idea of what the work of the school aimed at, we had to devote some weeks to this same teaching of the teachers, and organisation of what was to be taught.

There was no difficulty about providing ranges and stoves of every sort and kind, for the makers of such wares offered us numerous samples. It was, however, necessary for the five cooks to sit in judgment on each novelty, and decide whether it was worth accepting, for of course we wanted to use the best sort of cooking apparatus, but yet not to depart too much from familiar paths. We felt sure it would be of no use teaching to cook on a stove or range which, from its costliness or some other reason, would be rarely met with. Every sort of cooking utensil was also offered to us free of expense, besides many and various kinds of patent fuel; but this latter gift was invariably declined with thanks by the cooks, who would have none of it.

Sir Henry Cole had foreseen that we ought to begin at the very beginning, so the first thing taught was how to clean a stove with all its flues, puzzling little doors, &c. Then it was ordained that the practical pupil was to be shown how to clean, quickly and thoroughly, saucepans, frying-pans, and in short all kitchen utensils. This was followed by a course of scrubbing tables and

hearths. The morning lessons were devoted generally to the acquisition of this useful knowledge, supplemented by little lectures on choosing provisions, and how to tell good from bad, fresh from stale, and so forth. In the afternoons—for the poor cooks had to be given an interval of rest and refreshment—the lessons were given in two ways: by demonstration, where the instructor prepared the dish before her class from the beginning, and the pupils watched the process and took notes; or else by practical experience, where they prepared and cooked the dish themselves under the cook's superintendence.

In those early days we attempted the cooking only of simple food; such as soups and broths, plain joints, simple entrées, pastry, puddings, jellies, salads, and such like. One day was set apart entirely for learning 'sick-room cookery,' and this was found to be very popular, only the pupils invariably began by asking to be shown how to make poultices! I soon observed that each of these very nice cooks of ours excelled in just *one* thing, and so they had to fall into line, as it were, and the soup-lesson would be given by the expert in soups, and so all through. Fortunately one dear, nice little woman had a perfect genius for sick-room cookery, and that day's lessons were confided entirely to her. Not one of them, however, could make really good pastry, for we aimed at producing the very best of everything we attempted. I tried in vain to get it right, until I mentioned my difficulty to Lord Granville, who at once sent his *chef* down to give private lessons to the cook whose ideas on pastry were most nearly what we wanted. This was a great help and of immense benefit; but I was much amused when, a week or two after, as I was sitting in my little office—all very shabby and inconvenient, but we were too deeply interested to mind trifles—a most elegant young gentleman appeared, faultlessly attired, and carrying a large envelope, which, with a beautiful bow, he tendered to me.

'What is this?' I inquired.

'A State Paper on Pastry, Madam,' was the answer, and the bearer of the important document proved to be the *chef* himself, who had taken the trouble to commit his lesson to paper.

At last everything was ready, and one fine Monday morning the school opened its doors to a perfect rush of pupils. We ought to have been happy, but Sir Henry certainly was not, for these same pupils were by no means the class he wanted to get at. Fine ladies of every rank, rich women, gay Americans in beautiful

clothes, all thronged our kitchens, and the waiting carriages looked as if a smart party were going on within our dingy sheds. It was certainly a very curious craze, and I can answer for its lasting the two years I was superintendent. I asked many of the ladies why they insisted on coming to learn how to clean kitchen ranges and scrub wooden tables, as nothing short of a revolution could possibly make such knowledge useful to them, and I received very curious answers. One friend said it was because of their Scotch shooting-box, where such knowledge would come in very handy; but this statement has never been borne out by any subsequent experience of my own. Others said they wanted to set an example. Some stated that their husbands wished it; but I cannot imagine why, as they were all people who could afford excellent cooks.

For a long time we could not get one of the class we wanted, nor did a single servant come to learn, though the fees were purposely made as low as possible—in fact, almost nominal for servants. We also wished to get hold of the class of young matron who is represented in 'Punch' as timidly imploring her cook 'not to put lumps in the melted butter,' but even they were very shy of coming. Sometimes, I think, they were really ashamed of their stupendous and amazing ignorance, for it was in that rank we found, when we did catch one or two, that the most absolute want of knowledge of the simplest domestic details existed. Whether or no it is due to the many schools of cookery which now happily exist all over Great Britain, I will not venture to say; but surely it would be impossible nowadays for any young woman to give me the answer one of our earliest pupils gave. She was very young and very pretty, and we all consequently took the greatest interest in her progress; but, alas! she was privately reported to me as being a most unpromising subject. One day, when her lesson was just over, I chanced to meet her and inquired how she was getting on. She took the most hopeful view, and declared she 'knew a lot.' I next asked her to tell me what she had learned that day.

'Oh, let me see; we've been doing breakfast dishes, I think.'

'And what did you learn about them?'

'I learned'—this with an air of triumph—'that they are all the same eggs which you poach or boil. I always thought they were a different sort of egg, a different *shape*, you know!'

I think one of my greatest worries was the way in which the British middle-class matron regarded the National School of Cookery as an institution for supplying her with an excellent



cook, possessing all the virtues as well as all the talents, at very low wages. Every post brought me sheaves and piles of letters entering into the minutest details of the writers' domestic affairs, and requesting—I might almost say ordering—me to send them down next day one of the treasures I was supposed to manufacture and turn out by the score. In vain I published notices that the school was not a registry office, and that no cooks could be 'sent from it.' Sometimes I tried to cope with any particularly beseeching matron by writing to explain the nature of the undertaking, and suggesting that she should send her cook, or a cook, to learn; but this always made her very indignant. At last I found the only way to get rid of the intolerable nuisance of such correspondents was to answer by a lithographed post-card, stating that the school did not undertake to supply cooks. This missive appeared to act as a bomb-shell in the establishment; for apparently the existing cook immediately gave warning, eliciting one more despairing shriek of 'See what you have done,' to me, from the persevering mistress. I was not, however, so inhuman as to launch this missile until I had many times said the same thing, either by letter or by enclosing printed notices of the work and plan of the school.

I often wonder we had not more accidents, considering the crass ignorance of our ladies. Oddly enough, the only alarming episode came to us from a girl of the people, one of four who had begged to be allowed to act as kitchenmaids. Their idea was a good one, for of course they got their food all day, and were at least in the way of picking up a good deal of useful knowledge. These girls also cleaned up after the class was over, so saving the poor weary cooks, who early in the undertaking remarked, with a sigh, 'The young ladies do make such a mess, to be sure!' Well, this girl, who was very steady and hard-working, but abnormally stupid, saw fit one morning to turn on the gas in certain stoves some little time beforehand. The sheds were so airy—to say the least of it—that there was not sufficient smell to attract any one's attention, and the gas accumulated comfortably in the stoves until the class started work. It chanced to be a lesson in cooking vegetables, and potatoes were the 'object.' About twenty-five small saucepans had been filled with water and potatoes, and the next step was to put them on to boil. I was not in that kitchen at the moment, or I hope I should have perceived the escape, and have had the common-sense to forbid a match being struck to

light the gas in certain stoves. But I was near enough to hear a loud 'pouf,' followed by cries of alarm and dismay, and I rushed in while the potatoes were still in the air, for they went up as high as ever they could get. Happily no one was hurt, though a good deal of damage was done to some of the stoves; but it was a very narrow escape, owing doubtless to the space and involuntary ventilation of these same sheds. In the midst of my alarm I well remember the ridiculous effect of that rain of potatoes. Every one had forgotten all about them, and their re-appearance created as much surprise as though such things had never existed.

I am afraid the object of much of the severity of cleanliness taught in the morning lessons was to discourage the numerous fine and smart ladies who beset our doors, though Sir Henry had always declared it was only to test their intentions. I always made a round of the kitchens after work had been started, and it was really touching to see beautiful gowns pinned back and covered by large coarse aprons, and jewelled hands wielding scrubbing brushes. Once, as I came round the corner, I heard one of the cook teachers say to a fair pupil who was kneeling amid a great slop of soapy water, and calling upon her to admire the scrubbing of a kitchen table, 'No, my lady, I'm afraid that won't do at all. You see her ladyship (that was I, *bien entendu*) is a tiger about the legs!' I certainly had no idea such was my character.

I wonder what has become of all the certificates gained, with a great deal of trouble and fatigue, by strict and lengthy examinations, which used to be so proudly exhibited, framed and glazed, in stately mansions twenty-five years ago.

Of course there were absurd proposals made to us of all sorts and kinds. It was suggested by some wiseacres that we should instruct both the army and navy, to say nothing of the merchant service. I entreated to be allowed first to teach the ordinary middle-class cook of the British Empire, before I soared to the instruction of its gallant defenders. True, that same cook was a very shy bird to catch, and I really never caught her in the two short years of my management; but I am glad to know that my successor has since managed to attract and teach the exact class we always wanted to reach. The odd thing is, that the cooks generally did not want to be taught, and I have constantly known of lessons being declined, even when they were offered at the expense of the mistress. No reason whatever

against the method of the school was given, and the refusal seemed to spring merely from a dislike to be taught: 'Thank you, ma'am; I had rather not,' being the general formula. I know of one or two instances where an excellent teacher had been sent down from the school by special request to a small town some thirty miles from London, but when the various mistresses in the neighbourhood attempted to form a class of pupils from their own servants and at their own expense, they were met on all sides by flat refusals, and assurances that the cooks would rather give up their situations than join a cooking class. Those were among the early and the most disheartening difficulties of the school. If we could only have infused the desire for culinary knowledge, which seemed suddenly to take possession of the ladies, into the minds of their humbler sisters, how glad we should have been!

I cannot conclude this paper without telling of one of my own most confusing experiences, the problem of which has never been solved. One day I received a letter stating that the writer was most anxious to become a pupil of the school. It was from a young curate in a distant and out-of-the-way part of the north (I think) of England. I never read a more clever and amusing letter, describing his sufferings in the food line at the hands of the good woman who 'did' for him in his modest lodging. He was evidently desperate, and professed himself determined to learn how to cook, so as to be independent of this dame. But although I assured him of my profound sympathy and pity, I had at the same time to decline him as a pupil, alleging that we did not teach men at all. Letter after letter followed this pronouncement of mine, each one droller than the last, though the poor man was evidently in deadly earnest all the time. He pleaded and besought in the most eloquent words, assuring me of his harmless nature and wishes, offering to send testimonials as to character, &c., from his bishop, or his rector's wife, anything, in short, that I required to convince me of his worthiness. I had no time, however, to waste on so fruitless, though so amusing, a correspondence, and I had to cut it short, by merely repeating the rule, and declining peremptorily to go on with the subject. I had nearly forgotten all about it, when, one morning, some weeks later, my deputy-superintendent came into my office and said:

'There is such a queer girl among the new pupils this morning.'

'Is there? What is she like?' I asked rather indifferently,

for a 'queer girl' was by no means unknown in the crowded classes.

'Well, she is so big and so awkward, as if she had never worn petticoats before, and has such huge hands and feet, and quite short hair with a cap, and, oh! such a deep voice. But she works very hard, and is rushing through her lesson at a great rate.'

'What is her name?' I asked, as a light seemed suddenly to dawn on me.

'Miss—Miss— oh, here it is,' said the deputy-lady, holding out the counterfoil of her book of receipts for fees. 'She sent me up a post-office order for the fees some little time ago, but there was no room for her in any class until to-day.'

I looked at the name, rather a remarkable one, though I have quite forgotten it, turned to the letter-book, and, lo, it was the same as the curate's! I did not say anything to my second in command, but made an opportunity for going into the kitchen where the 'queer girl' would be at work. No need to ask for her to be pointed out, for a more singular-looking being I never beheld, working away with feverish energy. The cook who was giving the lesson told me afterwards that the dismay of that pupil was great at being first set to clean stoves and scrub tables, and that 'she' had piteously entreated, in a deep bass voice, to be shown at once how to cook a mutton chop. The set of lessons were also much curtailed in that instance, for the queer girl did not appear after the end of that week, instead of going on for another fortnight.

There is every reason to believe that the National School of Cookery—in which I must always take a deep interest—is much nearer now to fulfilling its original design of constant and careful instruction in the difficult art of cooking than it was in those early but amusing days, and its many constant friends and supporters must rejoice to see how it has emerged from that chrysalis stage and become a self-supporting concern, doing steady excellent work in the most unobtrusive manner.

### LINKS WITH THE PAST.

THERE is living at the present day, in ——shire, a hale and hearty old lady who was born in 1799, and who will, therefore, on her birthday in 1901 (and there seems to be no reason why it should not be followed by several more) have lived in three centuries.

The thought of this fact has something pleasantly stable and reposeful about it at a time of such swift and kaleidoscopic changes as ours, when a return to society after an absence of but three or four years lands one in a fresh world of new faces, new habits, and even of new words and phrases, and when there is little sadder reading than an old address-book of ten years ago. In her quiet slow-living county it is surely no great stretch of imagination to suppose that old Mrs. —— may in the first year of her life have come in contact with some old village centenarian; and, if we may carry the not impossible fantasy a step forward, she may, in this next year of grace, give her blessing to some baby, perhaps of her own stalwart race, who, in its turn, may live a hundred years. Thus, three frail links of human life would stretch from 1699 to the year 2000, if this world be destined to exist till then.

It is not necessary to have accomplished more than half the years of a centenarian in order to make acquaintance with one of the sober pleasures of the middle-aged—that of retrospection; and dull indeed must have been the life that has not amassed some little treasure of tradition, and of association with the past; while to happier mortals there may come a feeling almost of wonder at the number and variety of the slender but strong and enduring threads which link them with the persons and events of bygone days.

It was our fortune, some twenty years ago, to spend the summer holidays in a sleepy Bedfordshire village. The weather was bad, which facilitated the progress of some work we had brought with us to do, the house-party was a young and merry one, and the villagers were a novel and interesting study. The village consisted mainly of one long straggling street, leading to and from the fine fourteenth-century church, which seemed so much too large and imposing for its present uses. A few old helmets and flags, literally covered with the dust of ages, hung

from its rafters, and the bell was rung at odd times on weekday afternoons, for no discoverable reason but that it always had been, 'time out of mind.'

Our first acquaintanceship in the village was with a very aged couple, living in a cottage close to the church; that with the husband was short, as he died a few days after our arrival, his illness having been, in fact, the occasion of our knowing them; but the wife gradually admitted us to the very real privilege of her friendship and her genial racy intercourse, saddened at first by that reasonable sorrow for the loss of her mate which women of her class so often feel, and express with such direct and touching simplicity. The cottage boasted no parlour, and, sitting with her one late afternoon in her kitchen—a pattern of decent order and cleanliness—we spoke of the old times and the changes in the village, which, as I had seen in a county history, contained fewer inhabitants now than a hundred years ago. We were having tea, for I had found that the easiest way to make my old friend accept a trifling present was to ask to share it with her, for surely a sturdier spirit of independence never dwelt in a human breast than in hers.

Her day's work was momentarily suspended as we sat, one on either side of the little tea-table near the hearth, but her lace-pillow stood on the round oilcloth-covered table behind us—for, like every other woman in the village, she practised the graceful and pretty but ill-paid art of lace-making, and I had often watched the deft old hands playing, with what seemed miraculous celerity and certainty, among the multitude of little bobbins. The pleasant click-click of the bobbins was silent now, but would soon begin again, to be carried on till night. The lamp was lighted, and a round glass bottle, filled with water, stood between it and the pillow, so that the light, passing through the water, magnified the threads and made the worker's task easier. This method of magnifying their lace-work, she told me, was universal in the craft and of great antiquity.

In answer to a question as to what she knew of past events in that part of the country, after a few moments' thought she looked up and said: 'Well, a long while ago, before my father's time, and he lived to be ninety, and before his father's time—ay, and before that again—there came a man into these parts, and he harried the country most shameful and did a rare sight of *mis-cheef*, and his name—his name was Oliver *Cornwall*. He was a bad 'un!' No one who saw the kindling eye and heard the energy of her accents

could help feeling what a very real thing tradition is. Among these sons of the soil, from generation to generation, and after all it had needed but three or four, the story of Cromwell's doings, of his 'harrying' of their countryside, had been handed down to this the last of their descendants—for old Mrs. Jackson was a childless woman—and it was equally plain that his acts had met with their stern disapproval.

Seeing how keen an interest her words awakened, she searched her memory again, and presently began afresh with : 'And I've heard tell of another man—that was a long time ago too—and a queer name *he* had, *Hudibras* he was called. He wrote against the king, so the king's men were always after him, but '—and here she gave an amused chuckle—'they never managed to catch him. They could see him walking about the fields, but before they could lay hold of him, he'd be gone—vanished away, like. The same thing if they went to the manor-house, where he was stopping ; whatever watch they'd put on him he was gone before the "pursuivants," I think they called 'em, could get the door opened. The truth of it was, there were secret passages, underground, and *Hudibras* ran along them like a rabbit ; he did indeed !' It was plain that Butler had left a pleasanter impression behind him than had the Lord Protector ; and I lost no time in verifying my old friend's words, which I found to be absolutely correct, down to the existence of the secret passages by which he repeatedly succeeded in evading arrest during his stay in Bedfordshire.

It is hardly necessary to say that in our further talks I made many attempts, direct and indirect, to get other tales of the past, but in vain. Mrs. Jackson knew that Queen Victoria now reigned over England, and she remembered King George ; she could neither read nor write, and had never 'darkened the door' of a school. Her knowledge of history began and ended with the two facts she had related, and the whimsical and irreverent question would intrude itself—whether many school boards, spending much money, had ever succeeded in impressing any of the lessons of history so deeply and indelibly on any youthful mind as oral tradition had imprinted those two events upon this illiterate old woman's memory.

The summer holidays were drawing to a close, to an accompaniment of shortening days and the soft fall of the brown and yellow leaves. My old friend insisted upon giving me two delicate old blue china cups and saucers, saying, with gentle dignity, when



I hesitated to accept them, that at her age there was little likelihood of our meeting again; and we parted with mutual regret.

It is to a very different person that I owe the next, in chronological order, of my links of tradition with the past. In 1870 I was staying in one of the loveliest parts of beautiful Surrey, and one afternoon my hosts took me to see the venerable Dr. Lushington, then living at Ockham. It carried one's mind a good way back to be in the presence of one of the defenders of Queen Caroline; but it was not of that famous divorce trial that he spoke, as we strolled about the Ockham gardens on that balmy summer afternoon. His great age had dimmed none of Dr. Lushington's faculties, and his conversation was delightful. Speaking of the events of his youth, he told us that he distinctly remembered being taken to the play by his father, when he was about nine years old; the performance suddenly stopped, and the manager came forward to announce 'that the news had arrived of the murder of His Majesty the King of France, and that he would take the opinion of the audience if the play should proceed or not.' The audience rose at once and left the theatre; everybody seemed, said Dr. Lushington, to be trying how quietly he could get away.

The pathetic figure of Marie Antoinette fills a great place in my earliest recollections. Family ties had connected my parents with several *émigrés*, and many stories of the Revolution had reached my ears, one especially, of dreadful fascination, of how the great ladies imprisoned in the Conciergerie used to practise, with the aid of a table and a chair, how they could step from the tumbril to the scaffold without showing their ankles. The *canaille* could cut off their heads, but that was no reason why, until the last moment of their lives, it should not be denied the privilege of seeing more than the tips of their delicate aristocratic feet. But it is not to the descendant of any *émigré*, but to an old north-country maiden lady, that I owe the most vivid realisation of the sorrows of Marie Antoinette.

Mrs. S—, for in those days spinsters of a certain age took what they called brevet-rank, and were known as Mrs., used to find accents of personal sorrow and affection in speaking of 'that poor Queen,' that could not but dwell in the memory for ever. If I remember aright, she, like Dr. Lushington's theatre-manager in reference to Louis XVI., used the word *murder*, which indicated pretty plainly what had been the popular sentiment in England at the time.

My next link of association with Marie Antoinette reached me through two musicians—although there was an hiatus of some seven years between the death of the one and the birth of the other. It must have been in 1862 that Meyerbeer paid his last visit to London, and I saw him at one of the Philharmonic Concerts, which were then held in the old Hanover Square Rooms. There was quite a flutter of excitement when the little old man, looking extraordinarily wizened and wrinkled, even for his age of sixty-eight, came into the box. I noticed his piercing eyes and hooked nose, and, perhaps as much as these, a magnificent brooch of rubies and diamonds that blazed in the centre of his shirt frill, which he wore in the fashion of 1830. The stones flashed and glittered with every one of his quick little bows to right and left; and the rubies connect themselves with a tale of his great predecessor as opera composer in Paris—the mighty Gluck. After the first triumphant performance of one of his operas, the Queen sent for him to her box to receive her congratulations. Half-dazed with emotion, excitement, and fatigue, the old musician, rising from his obeisance, clapped his hand to his eyes, crying with horror, 'Blood, blood round the Queen's neck!' 'It is only this, Gluck,' said Marie Antoinette, hastily snatching off her necklace of rubies, and holding the rippling gems towards him; and Gluck looked again and saw the fair white throat rising unharmed and stainless. He died in 1787.

I forget in what Memoirs of the time it is related that Napoleon once alluded to Marie Antoinette as *ma tante*, and checked the nascent look of surprise on his courtiers' faces with an imperious—'Well! Did I not marry her niece? Does that not make her my aunt?'

I once had the privilege to see another niece of Marie Antoinette—Queen Marie Amélie, the *pia* of the three daughters of the Naples Bourbon, called *more italiano* by their father's subjects *la bella, la pia e la dotta*. A few months before her death a garden fête was given at Orleans House, Twickenham, in aid of some French Catholic charity in which the Orleans princes were interested, and late in the afternoon the old Queen was wheeled in her chair to a sunny corner of the lawn. People drew near the venerable bent figure with a kind of hushed reverence as men approach a shrine. There were the traces of so much sorrow and so much sanctity in her face, that none could have looked on it unmoved; and perhaps, had any one been

there who had known them both, he might have told us—'So looked her aunt before the end.' A few months passed, and then I was shown a drawing of Queen Marie Amélie lying dead; the look of sorrow had almost departed while the sanctity remained, and she looked years younger than on that memorable day at Twickenham.

I never saw Louis Philippe, but several characteristic anecdotes of him have remained in my memory from very early days. Perhaps the one most to his credit, and of the authenticity of which I am well assured, tells how, in his flight from Paris in 1848, he was heard to repeat over and over again, like a litany, '*Comme Charles X! Comme Charles X!*' Several salutary meditations must surely have kept tune to those words on the lips of *Philippe Égalité's* son as, in his turn, he fled for his life to England. The Duc d'Aumale has written of his father's conscientious and scrupulous care with regard to the capital executions that were carried out during his eighteen years of sovereignty. He never signed a death-warrant without having the whole *dossier* of the condemned man submitted to him; he mastered its every detail, and often returned it with marginal notes, which had to be explained to his entire satisfaction before he would consent to sign the warrant; he had no greater happiness, says his son, than when his ingenuity succeeded in saving a head from the guillotine.

The shape of Louis Philippe's face, the *toupet* in which he wore his hair, and the fashion of his whiskers, gave his head a pear-like shape, dear to the caricaturists of his time, and numberless are the pictures of '*la poire*' to be found in the *charivaris* and pamphlets of the day. During one of his residences at the Château d'Eu, he was out walking, when he espied a little boy busily employed drawing a huge '*poire*' upon the park wall with a piece of chalk. The King watched him in silence until the drawing was finished, and then said, 'Very well done, my little man; but don't you think this is a better likeness?' at the same time handing the astounded youngster a brand-new five-franc piece.

Even a citizen-king may acquire habits of thought and forms of speech which may cling to him although in exile, and be a little startling to ordinary minds. During his last illness Louis Philippe was one day urged by his physician to take a little more nourishment, and it was pointed out that a cup of strong beef-tea would

be very advisable. The King replied that he would think about it, and the next day received the doctor with a gracious smile and a '*Mon cher docteur, vous avez eu votre bouillon !*'

I return from this digression to recall a last reminiscence of Marie Antoinette. Three or four years ago a loan exhibition was held in Paris of relics of that unhappy Queen—of her girlhood at Schönbrunn, of her life as Dauphiness, as Queen, and as prisoner. Prominent in one of the cases was her box of dominoes, the box of chiselled gold and *bleu-du-roi* enamel, and the dominoes of gold and blue enamel set with pearls; the whole a perfect specimen of French *orfèvrerie* at its finest epoch, and fit only for a queen to play with. It brought to mind Madame de Rémusat's remark in her Memoirs that she would not attempt to describe the multitude or the costliness of the *bibelots* which went to make up the *nécessaire* of a great lady, as no one (even at the time of her writing) would believe it possible. Either by chance or by design, the next thing to this costly toy, and labelled '*Dernier ouvrage de Marie Antoinette*,' was a short piece—some fifteen inches—of the coarsest rope, partly unravelled, and the strands plaited as children plait bulrushes. The thing told its pathetic tale so plainly—the leaden hours weighing heavier and heavier in their enforced idleness upon the Queen, and at last, perhaps after many fruitless efforts, her prayer for some work had been attended to, and this rude hempen rope, purposely so short that by no possibility could it be made use of for communication with the outside world, was all her gaolers would give her; and she had accepted the gift, and patiently untwisted the hard coils and woven them again, as she had woven crowns when playing with her sisters in the meadows of Schönbrunn. It was noticeable that people generally looked into that particular glass-case in silence; however merrily they might have been talking and laughing a moment before, the most careless and light-hearted were seized with a sudden silence when they saw those two relics and their juxtaposition. Sitting in her prison, with her fingers thus employed, surely Marie Antoinette might have made Constance's words her own—

Here I and sorrow sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

The only other queen of bygone days with whom I possess any thread of association is Queen Charlotte. Many years ago I took lessons in needlework from an old dame who had been

embroideress to Queen Charlotte. My old instructress, though still remarkably clear in her intellect and with eyesight unimpaired, was too infirm to come to me, so I used to climb to her 'second-floor back' in a Marylebone side street for my lessons; and there, as we sat pricking our needles through the tightly stretched satin, and she initiated me into the mysteries of tambour-work, she had much to tell of the good queen, and of the princesses whom she had taught as she was now teaching me. In those days young ladies, princesses included, used to embroider their own ball-dresses—a wreath of dog-roses or forget-me-nots round the hem of a white crape gown, or of lilies-of-the-valley or daisies upon pink or sky-blue—'and very pretty it looked,' was always her concluding remark. But it was not in her reminiscences of her royal pupils or of the fashions of the last century that lay the chief interest of this good old needlewoman's talk. She was a fervent Catholic, and retained a vivid recollection of the persecution of the members of her faith in the days of her youth. She had herself seen a priest stabbed at the altar, and her proudest remembrance was that an aunt of hers had been a 'harbourer of priests' when it was a penal offence and meant death to both harbourer and harboured, if they were found out. We see and hear a good deal of priests' hiding-places and secret rooms in old country-houses in various parts of the land, but hardly anything is known of the devoted people, the modest burghesses and quiet women who, in the towns, carried on the perilous work of facilitating the disguised priests' secret visits, and keeping open communication with them.

In the beginning of this century things were still unpleasantly unsafe; and I have heard an old ecclesiastic, who had lived to become one of the best-known and most respected men in Lancashire, relate how well he remembered being taken by his parents, when about six years old, to mass at Liverpool. Access to the little chapel, probably the only one in the town, was through a public-house, and a man was always on the watch to give warning in case of attack.

The religion of her embroideress—though possibly not the occupation of her aunt—was very probably known to Queen Charlotte, without in any way altering the kindness of her demeanour towards her; and we know by the Jerminham Letters how very graciously she and the King received the Catholic gentry on their rare appearances at Court. This enlightened tolerance shone con-

spicuously in her granddaughter at the time of the 'Papal aggression.' No one can read or hear the accounts of that event without becoming convinced that the Queen and Prince Albert were almost the only two persons who really 'kept their heads' at a time when hoary-headed statesmen and ministers were beating the air with loud cries and incoherent denunciations. The Queen's well-known letter to the Duchess of Gloucester, the day after the addresses of the two Universities, is the best proof of how great a debt of gratitude her Catholic subjects owe to her. On the other hand, from the point of view of the interests of the Established Church, he was a shrewd man and wise in his generation who is reported to have said: 'This is a question on which all the sensible people are on one side, and all the fools on the other, and this time the fools are right.'

I cannot leave this subject without recalling an anecdote Wilkie Collins once told me. At the time when the excitement against the Papal aggression was at its height, a Catholic friend offered to take him to one of Cardinal Wiseman's receptions. Wilkie Collins accepted eagerly, and a few days later found himself ascending the stairs of the Cardinal's modest house in York Place. He soon noticed that the men in front of him, as they arrived near their host, bent their knee and kissed his episcopal ring. As a good Protestant Wilkie Collins could not do likewise; 'so it ended in our shaking hands and having a most pleasant talk after the crowd had passed.' The remark which most struck him was when the Cardinal said that the best thing which could happen for his cause would be some fanatical attack upon himself. 'If any one were to fire a shot at me, I know the innate justice of the English character too well not to feel certain that there would be so great a revulsion of feeling that all this agitation would cease, and my cause would be won.'

My very earliest recollection of a pageant is of being perched up at a warehouse window, wedged tightly among a great many grown-up people, and being told that I was to remember, all my life, that I had seen the Duke of Wellington. The occasion was a royal progress of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert through some north-country towns, and I think it was the last in which the Duke ever took part. I carried away two distinct impressions—one, that the great Duke was a very small man; and the other, that the above-mentioned grown-up people seemed much more eager to point him out to each other than to look at the Queen.

To have seen the Duke of Wellington is not only one of the most interesting, as it is the earliest, of my recollections, but it made a magnificent link with that imperial Caesar, whom to have conquered is Wellington's greatest claim to immortality—a claim which, it is interesting to remember, Napoleon himself freely admitted. '*Quoique les Prussiens aient beaucoup fait, la journée est à Wellington,*' were his very words to Admiral Malcolm at St. Helena in 1816, as reported by Baron Sturmer, the Austrian Commissioner, in a despatch to Prince Metternich, dated December 31 of the same year.

Some sixteen years had elapsed after my glimpse of the Duke of Wellington, when, paying a series of visits one autumn in Scotland, we arrived at a country-house in Dumfriesshire, where among the guests was a stout comfortable old lady, with bunches of iron-grey ringlets peeping from under her cap, who had been no other than the '*Demoiselle Betsy Balcomb, vive, sémilante et pleine de naïveté,*' the daughter of Mr. Balcomb, a merchant of St. Helena, in whose house Napoleon was lodged on his first arrival, before Longwood had been prepared for him. '*Elle n'a que 15 ans,*' writes Sturmer to Metternich on July 4, 1817; '*sa naïveté plut à Bonaparte, et il joua avec elle comme un enfant. . . . On n'a jamais vu Bonaparte se livrer à une gaieté aussi franche que dans cette famille. Betsy et sa sœur le firent jouer, plus d'une fois, à colin-maillard et aux quatre-coins. Betsy lui banda les yeux, puis lui donnant un petit soufflet sur la joue: "Catch me as you can," lui dit-elle en s'enfuyant.*'

It would need an eloquent pen to describe the emotion aroused in a mind of twenty, deeply imbued with hero-worship, at being brought face to face with one who had had constant and familiar intercourse with the great Napoleon, who had beguiled him into play, and whose mirth and light-heartedness had enlivened the dreary hours of imprisonment. Does not the fact that the uncrowned Emperor could enjoy a game of blind-man's-buff with two young girls prove once again that true genius possesses, as one of its distinguishing and inalienable marks, a juvenility and childlikeness of spirit which perseveres to the end, in spite of the hardest rubs of fate or fortune? My awe and confusion were such, in the presence of Napoleon's old friend, as to have a paralysing effect upon my tongue; and during the three days that we were fellow-guests I never summoned up the courage to utter one of the questions with which my mind seemed bursting



—an omission which, for thirty years, I have steadily and vainly regretted.

My third and last link of association with Napoleon recalls neither the vanquished Emperor nor the prisoner of St. Helena, but the glorious young First Consul, firmly settling himself in his stirrups for his course over the necks of the populations of Europe. Through a well-known figure in the London of thirty years ago, John Robinson Planché, Rouge-Croix and Somerset Herald, it came to me, for he distinctly remembered and often spoke of the Peace of Amiens (1802). On one occasion when he had mentioned the fact, I believe at a Guildhall dinner, he heard one of his neighbours mutter to another: 'Must be the Wandering Jew himself!' All who knew Mr. Planché must preserve a pleasant recollection of the man of letters, full of wit and humour; and his autobiography, as was his conversation, is a mine of interesting anecdote. He wrote the libretto of 'Oberon' for Weber, and was a shrewd and enlightened critic; but perhaps his favourite subject, in which he was unapproached in his day, was genealogy. He had the history of every great family in England on his finger-tips, and knew how to demolish every unauthorised pretension with unassailable decision.

Talking of his favourite hobby during an afternoon call, he suddenly said: 'Now *he*' (with a nod towards a man quietly drinking a cup of tea at the other end of the room) 'was at the Battle of Hastings, but there are very few of them left, whatever they may say.' The interval of eight centuries seemed non-existent to the genealogical mind in presence of an undoubted descendant of one of William of Normandy's knights.

I have known but two Waterloo veterans, the sixth Earl of Albemarle and Sir William Gomm. The former has told us in his delightful Memoirs all he recollected of the events of his youth. The last time I saw Sir William Gomm was at a party at my mother's house, to which he had come after a Waterloo dinner at Apsley House. The slight flush in his cheeks seemed reflected from his ribbon of the Bath, and with his beautiful snow-white hair and his star he looked the very type of a dapper little old warrior. Age, which had shrivelled him, had had a contrary effect upon Lady Gomm, who was very tall and stout, so that in size—but in size only—they were an ill-matched couple.

To have known the late Lady de Ros is a privilege which I shall always remember with gratitude; and through her I hold

my last link with Waterloo, for she was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels, and has written and published her account of that world-renowned event. The last time we dined with her at her house in Eaton Place, the last guest to arrive was her old friend Lord Hotham; with graceful old-fashioned courtesy, after bidding him welcome, she said: 'I think you know everybody here.' 'Yes, I do, and,' as he shook hands, one after another, with the assembled guests, 'how seldom that happens nowadays!' And then the two dear old people began to talk of the society of their youth when 'everybody knew everybody else,' and, at a dinner, at the opera, or in the park, you were sure to find yourself among people of your acquaintance. So pleasantly did they speak that for once the announcement of dinner seemed to come too soon.

Lord Hotham was one of my parents' oldest friends, and I cannot remember the time when his genial old-fashioned figure was not familiar and pleasant to me. He was of a type which has, I think, entirely died out; his tailor must have been as old as himself to have consented to make the tail-coats, with sleeves slightly full at the shoulders, which he wore in the daytime (I think they were dark green), and even his horn-handled umbrellas, always of the same pattern all the years I knew him, were unlike any others, and the spotless trimness of the whole man was complete from the iron-grey *toupet* to the square-toed boots. Old Lord Bathurst, who died in 1878, was perhaps the last person, until some possible freak of fashion re-introduces them, to wear crimson velvet waistcoats and black velvet trousers of an evening.

A very strange figure, which used to flit like a little white moth across the face of London's society for a month every summer from 1856 until a year or two before her death in 1883, was that of Madame Mohl, and from her fragile little hand I seem to hold a multitude of threads of association with bygone days. Born a hundred and nine years ago (1790), and connected almost from her infancy with all that was noteworthy in the society of France and England—we may add Germany after her marriage with Julius von Mohl (he dropped the *von* when naturalised a Frenchman, about the year 1830)—it could not well be otherwise than that she should have been a very treasure-house of the past, and it is not surprising that there should have been found two biographers, Miss Kathleen O'Meara in Paris and Mrs. Simpson in

London, to tell the world, after her death, something of this remarkable woman, who had yet—so to speak—never done anything very remarkable in the course of her whole long life.

That competent judge, the Duc de Broglie, in response to a request from Miss O'Meara, gives the following appreciation of Madame Mohl and her *salon*: 'It presented a most original character; one which, I fear, no other will ever reproduce. If she succeeded in bringing together without collision, and even without *gêne*, persons who did not habitually seek one another, and that nothing drew naturally together, it was no doubt because she did not attempt to impose any systematic opinions on them. I don't believe that her mind had formed any definite ideas on any subject; but her true instincts and generous sentiments, expressed in a most piquant manner, gave to her conversation, whatever turn it took, a charm peculiarly her own. What might have wounded, coming from another, pleased and amused in her. Her extreme kindness, her *total* absence of pretension, a forgetfulness of herself that was visible even in the neglect of her personal appearance, made it impossible to take amiss anything she said. It is exceedingly difficult to appreciate Madame Mohl's peculiar kind of merit without having known her, and it is still more difficult to describe it.'

The Duc de Broglie attributes Madame Mohl's neglect of her personal appearance to her self-forgetfulness; it would perhaps be more correct to say that she had given it up in despair. An impression I had always held on this point was confirmed by the following incident. She was staying on one occasion at Sir James Clark's at Windsor when the Queen was expected to come to afternoon tea. As the time of the royal visit approached, the different members of the party went to change their dress, but Madame Mohl remained quietly in the drawing-room, reading the paper. At last some one plucked up courage to remind her of the advance of the hour, and asked if she was not going to get ready, adding timidly: 'If you look in the glass——' 'Look in the glass, my dear,' was the prompt reply; 'if I were to look in the glass, I should never venture to come downstairs again, nor to present myself before *anybody*!'

Nature had certainly been a cruel stepmother to her, and it says much for the brilliant qualities of mind and heart which had enabled her so entirely to triumph over the disadvantages of her person. 'Never,' says Mrs. Prestwich, 'shall I forget my first sight

of her: her fuzz of curls hung down over her eyes, making her look exactly like a sagacious little Skye-terrier that had been out in a gale of wind.' 'That highly intelligent, vigorous Skye-terrier,' Mr. Grant Duff calls her; and M. de Corelle, former French Ambassador to the Holy See, in his souvenirs says: '*Elle ne pouvait passer inaperçue, avec ses yeux pénétrants, si animés, à travers des cheveux en désordre—une tempête à travers les branches d'une forêt. Aux jours de réception à l'Académie, quand on voyait apparaître cette figure si étrange, un murmure de gaieté s'élevait.*'

Madame Mohl, when she was Mary Clarke, knew Madame de Staël, was twenty-five years old when, 'perched,' as she said, on the back of a trooper's horse, she saw the Allies enter Paris, and for years was she known, in the charmed circle of Madame Récamier's *salon* in the Abbaye-aux-Bois, as *la jeune Anglaise* who could always be counted upon to amuse Monsieur de Chateaubriand, making herself thus an ever-welcome guest, for the business of Madame Récamier's life and of her habitués was now to *désennuyer* the weary age of the petulant *blase* man of genius. Mary Clarke became enthusiastically attached to her beautiful friend, who, though past fifty, was still quite beautiful enough to fulfil the expectations raised by her extraordinary fame. 'She was the most entertaining person I ever knew,' was Madame Mohl's testimony fifty years afterwards. 'I never knew anybody who could tell a story as she did—*des histoires de société*; she had a great sense of humour, and her own humour was exceedingly delicate, but she never said an unkind thing of any one. *I loved Madame Récamier.*'

Sitting at Madame Récamier's feet, Madame Mohl learned that art of holding a *salon* which, first as Mary Clarke under the gentle chaperonage of her widowed mother, and then as Madame Mohl, she carried on so successfully for more than fifty years—an art which, it may be feared, has died with her. In one of the few writings she gave to the world, see how prettily she makes the apology of the *salon*. Beginning with the Marquise de Rambouillet, 'who set on foot that long series of *salons* which for two hundred and fifty years has been a real institution, known only to modern civilisation,' she contrasts the blighting contempt and isolation that accompanied the poverty of literary men in England with the position of the same class in France, and says: 'To what did the French literary man owe his exemption from these miseries? To whom should he give thanks that the rich, the ignorant, and the vulgar made no insolent jokes upon poor authors living in

garrets, "Grub Street scribblers," &c. ? To the women who from the earliest days of literature gave them all the succour they could, bringing them into contact with the rich and the great, showing them off with every kind of ingenuity and tact. . . . They helped them with their wit . . . with their hearts ; they listened to their sorrows, admired their genius before the world became aware of it, advised them, entered patiently into all their feelings, and soothed their wounded vanities. . . . Let all who hold a pen think of the kind hearts who by the excitement of social intercourse and sympathy have preserved a whole class from falling into degradation and vice.'

If Madame Mohl was taught by Madame Récamier her admirable manner of governing her *salon* and conducting the conversation, she, in her turn, was indebted for some of her success to Madame de Stäel, who was in the habit of saying, 'I have not conducted the conversation well to-day,' or the reverse. Madame Récamier had not her brilliant friend's depth, but Madame Mohl describes her tact as quite unique. 'If a *mot* was particularly happy, Madame Récamier would take it up and show it to the audience as a connoisseur shows a picture. . . . No one ever understood more thoroughly how to show off others to the best advantage ; if she was able to fathom their minds, she would always endeavour to draw up what was valuable.' 'Those who remember Madame Mohl in her own *salon*,' writes Miss O'Meara, 'will recognise in the above description the model that she endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to copy.'

It is sad to think that Madame Mohl should have outlived the success of her *salon*. When, after her year of mourning for her husband, who died in 1876, she reopened her doors, it was to find that society had forgotten the way up those narrow stairs in the Rue du Bac which it had once been so eager to ascend. A pitying friend once sent a Sister of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul to see her, in the hope of giving her some fresh interests to fill the emptiness of her days. She took the Sister's hand and led her into the abandoned drawing-room, where, pointing to the circle of empty chairs, she said, almost with tears, 'See, they used always to be filled with people. I used to have visitors all day long, but no one comes to see me now.'

It is to a note of music that I close my last link with the past. Manuel Garcia, the teacher of Jenny Lind, the brother of Maria Malibran, happily still with us and gallantly bearing the

weight of his ninety-five years, unites us not only to those two stars of greatest magnitude, but to the whole constellation of sweet singers who ravished the ears of our grandfathers and our fathers. Beginning with his own father, whom he considered one of the most brilliant actors and handsomest men of his day, as well as a perfect singer, he knew and appreciated them all at their true value—Catalani, Sontag, Persiani, Pasta, Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, Nourrit, Mario, and the great Lablache—their names were on his lips like household words. After hearing a great pianist play one of Beethoven's most difficult sonatas with exquisite skill, Garcia remarked, 'What that man's *doigté* is on the keyboard of his instrument so was my sister Malibran's *doigté* on her throat.' In his 'Soixante Ans de Souvenirs' Legouvé says almost the same thing: '*Son organe, pathétique et puissant, était dur et rebelle . . . c'était de l'or. . . Mais il fallait le forger, le frapper, l'assouplir, comme le métal sous le marteau ;*' and he contrasts it with that of Madame Sontag, the notes of whose voice '*s'échappaient de son gosier si limpides et si brillants qu'on eût dit un pur flot de lumière.*' Speaking of his sister's dramatic power, Garcia once said that he had in Italy heard her sing the part of Romeo in some forgotten opera of 'Romeo and Juliet' ten consecutive nights. Each time her interpretation and effects were entirely different, and he could not tell at the moment, nor upon reflection afterwards, which of them was most admirable. Here again Legouvé corroborates him. He writes that she was sometimes so violently *saisie* by the dramatic situation as almost to seem possessed by it. She would warn the Othellos with whom she acted Desdemona that in the last scene they were to seize her when they could—'*Car dans ce moment-là, je ne puis répondre de mes mouvements.*'

In the autumn of 1832 Malibran was at Rome, and went one afternoon to the Villa Pamphili with Horace Vernet, then director of the French Academy at Rome, his wife and beautiful daughter Louise Vernet, and Legouvé. The great singer had been mute for several days, such periods of silence in her art being not unusual with her. Walking through the grounds, they came to one of those delicious corners of umbrageous green so characteristic of a Roman garden, where a little fountain gushed from under a low terrace, approached by two short flights of marble steps, and shaded by tall cypresses and pines. The freshness of the water and the heat of the day tempted Malibran, who ran like a child,

to hold her head under the fountain; her hair was soon wetted, and she laughingly shook down its raven-black coils to dry; the sunlight, piercing through the trees like little golden arrows, caught the crystallised drops of water on her head and made them shine like tiny stars. She suddenly looked up at the platform above the fountain; her countenance changed, the laughter ceased and gave way to a serious and strange expression; she slowly mounted the marble steps, and, reaching the platform, lifted her face towards the heavens, looking like a priestess with her flowing hair, and intoned the great air from Norma, 'Casta diva.' The surprise, the singularity of the *mise-en-scène*, the delight of hearing her in such a spot after a long silence, her own emotion at hearing her voice joined with that of the murmuring fountain, the breath of the air and all the splendours of that garden, made such an impression on the small group of listeners looking up at her on her pedestal, that none of them could restrain their tears.

It is strange that I should know a like trait of Jenny Lind, that artist *par la grâce de Dieu*, as Joachim once wrote of her. The scene, as better befitted the nightingale of Sweden, was not a Roman garden, but one of the loveliest spots of North Wales. In the year 1850 or 1851 she was staying with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Salis Schwabe in their Welsh home on the Isle of Anglesey, and was taken by her hosts, with one or two friends, one beautiful evening, through the terraced gardens to the top of a hill behind the house to see the view, across the Menai Straits, of the Welsh mountains from the Great Orme's Head to Snowdon, as fair a sight as may be found in Europe. Jenny Lind gazed in silence for some minutes on the lovely scene, transfigured by the soft light of the setting sun, and then, suddenly stepping on to a slab of rock that cropped up out of the short green turf, began to sing 'The marvellous work is done' from Haydn's 'Creation.' The matchless voice rose, in an ecstasy of music, like a living thing into the heavens, and the rapt expression of her face remained indelibly impressed upon her hearers, who could never, so long as they lived, speak of it without emotion.

Malibran and Jenny Lind, great artists 'by the grace of God,' we may never look upon their like again, but the memory of their genius, a precious legacy handed to us by our fathers, is ours still.

M. H.



### THE KIDNAPPING OF MR. WEEKS.

MR. RICHARD WEEKS, sub-editor on the staff of the 'Morning Observer,' was a modest man without ambition, and his selection by the Fates for an astonishing adventure showed feminine malice. It also showed a gay humour, but this aspect of the choice was wasted upon him.

Mr. Weeks left the office of his paper one fine April morning at ten minutes past three. He passed along Fleet Street and the Strand and turned over Waterloo Bridge, as he had done a hundred times before. He was bound by the 3.45 A.M. train from Waterloo Station to Wimbledon, where he had a pleasant house and a nice little wife. The streets and the bridge were well lighted and quiet, and Mr. Weeks walked easily along.

About midday, as the chief sub-editor of the 'Morning Observer' was sitting down to his breakfast in the suburb of Dulwich, a lady called at his house. She was pretty and young, and in great distress. 'I am Mrs. Weeks,' said she, 'and Richard never came home last night. Oh, Mr. Western, what *can* have happened?'

'You astonish me,' said the chief sub-editor. 'At what hour did you leave Wimbledon?'

'At half-past ten.'

'I expect Weeks has arrived at home by now. He left the office with me; I caught the 3.15 as usual at Ludgate Hill, but he may have missed his train at Waterloo. In that case he would sleep at an hotel and come down after breakfast. You will probably find him at home.'

Mr. Western fell to his coffee and eggs, while poor Mrs. Weeks was comforted by the chief sub-editor's wife.

The chief sub-editor had consoled his visitor with fair words, but duty required him to doubt his own theory. Journalists, who live in the midst of the unexpected, are awake to the infinite possibilities of facts. So, when he had breakfasted, Mr. Western wrote a telegram to one of the 'Morning Observer's' reporting staff at the House of Commons, calling upon him for service that night at the head office. As the Easter Recess had begun, Mr. Weeks's place could be inexpensively filled for a short time by unemployed Gallery reporters. Then Mr. Western returned to his guest.

'If you are rested, Mrs. Weeks,' said he, 'I will go with you to Waterloo and make inquiries.'

Mr. Weeks was well known at Waterloo Station, and the porters who had been on duty in the early morning were certain that he had not left by the 3.45 train.

'You see, it is as I said,' observed Western, placing Mrs. Weeks in a train for Wimbledon. 'You will find him at home dreadfully alarmed about your absence.'

A visit to the nearest police-station produced no new facts. No accident had occurred on Mr. Weeks's route, and the police proudly dismissed all suggestions of violence. 'Those streets are the best lighted in London, and there is an officer to every hundred yards. Waterloo Road? Ay, Waterloo Road is queer sometimes at night, but half-past three is morning. It is all full of market carts and Covent Garden lads going to work. The gentleman will turn up when he chooses.'

The telegram which awaited Mr. Western's return to Dulwich ran as follows: 'He is not home.—LAURA WEEKS.'

The way in which the staff of the 'Morning Observer' received the news of Weeks's disappearance showed how firm was their beautiful confidence in his moral character. Indeed, there was no room in the man's simple life for a secret intrigue. He passed from his home to his office, and from his office to his home—his whole time was filled by domestic and official interests. Leisure is the surest test of morals, for one cannot conduct the simplest intrigue without a large supply of time on hand. Mr. Weeks had two enthusiasms—horticulture and politics. In respect of the second he was a journalistic curiosity. Sub-editors, especially those who have spent many years in the Gallery of the House of Commons, are a cynical race, and if by favour or exuberance of talent they become leader-writers, their lightness of conviction makes them the more efficient. Neither age nor the crushing disappointment which comes with experience could abate the fervid Radicalism of Mr. Weeks. His party leaders were his ideals of human greatness, and into the personal likeness of one of them it was his weakness to believe that he daily grew. 'Ah!' Mr. Weeks had often murmured as he looked into his glass and traced on his own countenance the noble Ministerial features of Mr. B——, 'Ah, if only I had gone into the House!'

Twelve days passed, and Mr. Weeks's disappearance had almost become ancient history in the quickly moving life of the 'Morning

Observer' office. On the thirteenth evening he walked into the sub-editors' room.

'Good evening,' said Mr. Weeks.

He was a few minutes late, and all his colleagues were present. Inquiries roared round him as he sat down.

'Chuck me over some copy,' said Mr. Weeks.

Western tossed him a bundle of telegraphic 'flimsy,' which represented a political speech, and the adventurer bent to his work with eagerness.

'Where have you been?' roared every one again.

'Let us get the copy out of the room,' said Mr. Weeks.

'Gallery man, you are not wanted any more. Go home.'

Not then, nor at any future time, did Weeks make his amazing adventures generally known. To all inquiries he opposed a smooth-shaven inscrutable face; the man was magnificent, Napoleonic. He told the editor, and it was whispered that he was frequently to be seen at the Home Office. He moved for a few bright days about the lofty heights on which editors and Cabinet Ministers dwell, and then he came tumbling back in cheerful content to his sub-editorial valley. But the secret was kept, and I should not be able to disclose it now if Mr. Weeks were my only source of information.

'There is no doubt—no doubt at all. He crosses Waterloo Bridge every morning at half-past three on his way to Wimbledon, where he lives.'

'But his town house is in Arlington Street. Cabinet Ministers do not live in Wimbledon.'

'Perhaps Monsieur B—— has an appointment.'

'An appointment which he keeps at four o'clock every morning! Are you sure that you know the man?'

'I have no doubt at all. I have looked often on his devilish face in the House, and at his pictures in "Punch." It is the man.'

'Ah, well. To-morrow he must not keep the appointment, and Madame—or is it Mademoiselle?—will be disappointed. It pierces my heart to be so impolite, but the call of duty is urgent.'

Mr. Weeks walked easily across the bridge; he had no need for hurry. It was a pleasant morning, and though quite dark there was a smell of dawn in the air. Few people, except journalists and night cabmen, know how fresh London smells when

the working life is almost still. Early risers have the opportunity of knowing, but they are too full of sleep to be observant.

At the Surrey end of the bridge a broad flight of stone steps leads down to the river. At the top is an iron railing with an open gate. As Mr. Weeks passed the open gate his hat fell off. He stooped to pick it up, and something struck him violently under the chin. Then many hands seized him. He did not struggle, but instantly whipped out the police whistle which he always carried. The mouthpiece was between his teeth, and this story had nearly been spoiled, when a hard substance—it was a man's wristbone—ground into his windpipe. The whistle sighed ineffectively, and Mr. Weeks was carried down the stone steps. At the foot a small steam launch lay rocking. She was smartly fitted up, and carried the lights of respectability. Mr. Weeks was placed on board with tenderness, his captors followed, and the smart little launch steamed slowly up the river.

As soon as the vessel started all restraint was removed from the victim of this intolerable assault. His whistle was taken away, but he was apparently free to make as much natural noise as he pleased. Men stood near him, with their faces decorously turned away. Mr. Weeks did not shout, because he was a man of intelligence. He gave one look round and sat down. The business-like—almost professional—air of the boat, and the serenity of her crew, impressed him as no threats could have done. 'They do not gag me or sit on my head,' he thought, 'because I am entirely in their power. Oh, confound the idiots!—I shall lose my train!'

He turned to a man beside him, and spoke hurriedly.

'Please empty my pockets and take my watch, and then set me ashore at Charing Cross, so that I may catch my train. My wife will be frightened out of her wits.'

'Monsieur misunderstands,' said the man. It was he who knew the devilish face of Mr. B——. 'We do not want your money or your watch.'

'But my poor wife?'

'Monsieur's wife must be content to be disappointed. Monsieur need not fear; we are discreet, and shall not tell how he failed of his appointment.'

'Appointment!' groaned Mr. Weeks. 'The man is some foreign ass. He does not know what English words mean.'

The launch was running along with the tide under her, and presently Mr. Weeks saw the great tower of Westminster close

beside him. He looked up. The hands on the big yellow clock face pointed to a quarter to four. His train was lost!

'Poor Laura,' sighed Mr. Weeks. 'She will suffer the most horrid anxiety. I would kick these preposterous pirates all round if I were not afraid they would make my poor girl a widow.'

With his train departed also, curiously enough, a great deal of his irritation. The worst had happened, and Mr. Weeks cloaked himself in what he considered to be philosophic gloom. It was that kind of unexacting gloom which permits of personal enjoyment. Gradually, as one learning a lesson bit by bit, Weeks became conscious of the extraordinary beauty of the scene through which he was passing. The river glittered like a shivered mirror, and the ribbon of lights on the Middlesex shore, with their quivering reflections below, wrapped round the horizon. The boat moved among leaping stars, and plunged, like a circus horse, through a hoop of fire whenever she passed a bridge. The bridges, too, for the most part bleak iron girders by day, were dazzling mazes, airy as cobwebs, in the mysterious darkness.

Mr. Weeks knew the bridges every one, and ticked them off as they slid past.

'That is Lambeth. Now for Vauxhall.' His breath whistled as the vessel drove into a black wall. 'By Jove, how narrow! This skipper is a lovely cox.' His mind darted away twenty years, and he heard again the roar which repays 'a good Grassy.' 'Grassy gets all the shouts,' he reflected. 'But, after all, Ditton is the more difficult corner, especially when the left bank is crowded up by boats full of women. Chelsea is a long time coming.'

The boat dived through the dark railway bridge, and slipped safely under the broad band of roadway which seemed a world too heavy for its delicate supports. 'A suspension bridge looks terrifying at night,' thought Mr. Weeks. 'Trees! That must be Battersea Park, and that the Chelsea Embankment.' He gasped again as the launch squeezed under the threatening Albert Bridge. 'There is nothing like habit,' murmured he. 'I wouldn't steer this desperate vessel for fifty pounds. Where the deuce are we going?'

They were close in under the Surrey shore, and the high buildings on the Battersea wharves almost overhung the funnel. Then the screw stopped and the launch grated against a small wooden pier. Weeks heard the whisper of a whistle, and two or three figures appeared.

'Pardon me,' said a voice beside him. A cloth was flung over

his head, and he was lifted on to the pier. Then he was carried for a few yards, driven in some vehicle for a few minutes, and carried up many stone steps. A door slammed, and he was set down in a chair and the cloth removed.

Mr. Weeks found himself in a comfortably furnished bedroom. A good carpet covered the floor, 'art' paper was on the walls, and an electric lamp glowed over the bed. The man with whom he had spoken on the boat stood at his side.

'You are tired, sir,' he said, 'and will be glad to rest. At what hour will it please you to be called?'

'At one o'clock,' said Mr. Weeks calmly, 'and then send the doctor to me.'

'The doctor, Monsieur?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Weeks, 'the doctor.'

He wound his watch, undressed, and lay down. 'A spring mattress,' he murmured joyfully; 'I suspected feathers.' Then he fell asleep, so strong is daily habit, and his last waking thought was, 'I am evidently in a private lunatic asylum.'

When he awoke the tireless watcher was sitting beside the bed.

'It is a little before one,' observed the man.

'Nevertheless I will get up,' said Mr. Weeks. And he did so. He was conducted to a bath-room, where he was allowed to splash in private; and presently, fully dressed, was led along a passage to a morning room.

'I am assuredly in a flat,' observed Mr. Weeks to himself, 'and the place seems to be organised entirely for my entertainment. I doubt the theory of a lunatic asylum.'

He sat down before an excellent breakfast, and ate with appetite. Then he took out his pipe and tobacco-pouch. 'Smoking allowed?'

'Monsieur will please himself,' answered the guardian, or attendant, politely.

'Hum!' muttered Weeks. 'He would be less sleekly polite if I tried to bolt.'

'Hi!' he said presently. 'Do you keep the "Morning Observer"?''

The man pressed a bell, and a servant in response to an order brought several newspapers.

'"The Times," "Standard," "Telegraph," "Observer," "Post"—this is real luxury,' and Mr. Weeks settled down to a debauch of news.

The afternoon was advanced when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a rather fine-looking man. He was a foreigner, evidently, but he was dressed quietly and well like an English gentleman. This was the second of those two nameless persons whose conversation has been reported in this narrative.

'You may go,' said the newcomer to Mr. Weeks's attendant.

The man sat down opposite Weeks, and studied his face with close attention.

'I am delighted to see you,' he said at last. 'I have seen you before, but never quite so close.'

'You have had an inestimable privilege.'

The man smiled. 'You take things coolly.'

'I have had no choice,' retorted Mr. Weeks with asperity. 'Your people picked me up, dumped me in a boat, carried me here, put me to bed, dressed me this morning, and fed me. Now they permit me to smoke and to read the papers. I would curse with excessive profanity if it were of any use.'

'You might have shouted or tried to escape.'

'And I might have been chucked into the river. I'm not a fool.'

'Have you any idea as to our reasons for bringing you here?'

'Not a notion,' answered Mr. Weeks with emphasis. 'I cannot imagine a more foolish proceeding. When I think of the time, trouble, and good money wasted over your insignificant capture, I come near losing my appetite with vexation.'

'Oh, come. Hardly insignificant?'

'Absolutely insignificant. Of no account at all, except to my wife.'

'You English love to be thought modest. I can see distinction in every feature.'

'Then my features are most misleading,' said Mr. Weeks. 'They should at once be altered.'

'Can I do anything for your comfort?'

'Lots of things. Let me go, for one.'

The visitor shook his head.

'Well, let me send a message to Wimbledon.'

'Ah, to Mademoiselle? Or is it Madame? You have gallantry as well as courage.'

'I want to send a telegram to Mrs. Weeks—to my wife.'

'To Mrs. Weeks—to your wife! So. Shall I compose a message to—your wife?'



He seized a sheet of paper.

"'To Mrs. Weeks—Rose Cottage?'" Thank you. "To Mrs. Weeks, Rose Cottage, Wimbledon Park. I am unexpectedly detained. Hope to return safely in a few days.—Reginald."

'My name chances to be Richard,' said Mr. Weeks dryly.

'Is it? How strange that I should have written Reginald! Doubtless you are always called Richard—at Rose Cottage—Wimbledon Park.'

The telegram was sent off, and Mr. Weeks felt great relief. His wife's anxiety would be considerably allayed, and the paper would not be seriously inconvenienced as long as the Recess lasted. He lit a fresh pipe, and turned savagely on his visitor.

'Perhaps, sir, you will kindly explain the meaning of this outrage. I can only suppose your agents and yourself have made some absurd mistake.'

'There has been no mistake, Mr. B——,' said the other slowly.

Mr. Weeks started, and in an instant he grasped a full half of the truth. So his likeness to the famous Home Secretary, Mr. B——, that precious likeness over which he had exulted many a time before his looking-glass, had actually misled these admirable ruffians into kidnapping him instead of B——. What triumph! What 'distinction' there must really be 'in every feature' which he possessed! He glowed with joy. And whether his captors believed him or not, B—— was safe for the time. Only the previous evening Weeks had sub-edited a paragraph announcing the Home Secretary's departure for Scotland.

'Have you seen the "Morning Observer"?' asked Mr. Weeks suddenly.

The man looked surprised. 'No,' he said.

In a moment Weeks's practised eye had hunted out the paragraph, and he thrust it under his visitor's nose.

'Look at that,' he cried, 'you unparalleled ass!'

The man read, and his eyes glittered with passion.

'Liar!' he shouted; 'liar! It is a forgery!'

'It is not a forgery,' calmly retorted Mr. Weeks. 'I sub-edited the par myself.'

'And who the devil are you?'

'I am Richard Weeks, sub-editor on the staff of the "Morning Observer."'

There was silence in the room for some minutes, and then the tall foreigner stood up. 'I know nothing, and believe nothing.'

I will leave you, in order that inquiries may be made. Everything which you may require——'

'Thanks,' said Mr. Weeks amiably, 'I will spare no expense.'

Mr. Weeks had finished dinner on the following evening before his imposing visitor returned. The dinner was admirable—he had ordered it himself—and the cigars and claret, which he had also ordered, were without reproach. 'There is a quite peculiar pleasure,' he murmured, 'in feeding handsomely at the expense of the enemy.' When his visitor arrived Weeks was in excellent humour.

'Sit down, my good fellow,' he cried, 'and have a cigar. You may as well, for you've paid for them.'

The man lit a cigar and smoked sadly.

'Mr. B—— has gone away. It is said to Scotland; but servants are paid to lie in the interests of their masters' intrigues. I do not know that you are not he.'

'You'll know pretty soon when he comes back.'

'It is possible. In the meantime——'

'In the meantime I shall live in surpassing comfort. The sweet thought bears me up. When you are tired of running me as a non-paying guest, a visit to the office of the "Morning Observer"——'

Mr. Weeks's visitor, and host, glared. 'Do you say that you are on the staff of the "Morning Observer"?'

'I do.'

The other drew a newspaper from his pocket.

'I was reading that paper this morning, and I came upon this passage in a leading article. Listen. "The Government's Bill for the expulsion of suspected anarchists is worthy of the support of the party, but it is at best a small measure. There is but one way of dealing effectively with anarchism, which is after all only diseased egotism in one of its allotropic forms. A suspected anarchist should be arrested in secret, imprisoned in secret, tried in secret—if necessary, executed in secret. Under no circumstances of crime should his name or any indication of his identity be disclosed. Anarchists do not fear death if their names and exploits can fill the columns of all newspapers for a certain number of weeks. Like other weeds they flourish in the light; like other weeds they would wither in the darkness of unbroken secrecy."'

He read these words with emotion, and then burst out:

'Sir, is it possible that this horrible, this inhuman suggestion emanated from yourself?'

Mr. Weeks shrugged his shoulders. 'Sub-editors do not usually inspire leading articles.'

'Ah, you evade me. You are the monster who preach this ghastly doctrine of perpetual obscurity.'

'You cannot have me every way, my friend. I cannot very well be the Home Secretary, a sub-editor of the "Morning Observer," and also a leader-writer. You must sort out my identity a little before you can expect me to defend myself. Come, now,' went on Weeks pleasantly, 'suppose for a moment that I am Mr. B——. What was your object in kidnapping me?'

'I intended to exact a pledge that you would drop the Anarchists' Expulsion Bill.'

'Hum! So you are an anarchist, are you? I thought anarchists were snuffy foreign paupers who were more afraid of soap than of dynamite.'

'Sir, am I unclean? Am I—snuffy? Does this room look as if I were a pauper?'

'No. That is what surprises me.'

'You are insular, you English.'

'We may be, but you people are surprisingly ignorant of us. Do you really suppose that an English Minister can drop an important Bill in the middle of a session because you tell him to? He would have to reckon with the party.'

'What party?'

'With Mr. B——'s party. With the great Liberal party.'

'I have never heard of it,' said this amazing anarchist.

Mr. Weeks gasped. Was such ignorance possible? Yet the man seemed honest. He had the look of an interested inquirer.

Then Mr. Weeks pulled himself together, and began to speak. He was awkward at first, as one might be who tried to explain quick-firing guns to a savage innocent of gunpowder. But after a while he felt his way to first principles, and on these solid foundations he built up the modern Radical programme. The audience was interested and rather amused at first, then he became bored, and at last nothing but unnatural politeness kept him from falling asleep. It was midnight before Mr. Weeks, who for two hours had been going strong, stopped.

'That is enough as an introduction,' he said. 'The next time you favour me with a visit we will go more into detail.'

The anarchist, bowing courteously, went away in silence, and Mr. Weeks betook himself to bed. He was conscious of having spent a delightful evening.

For more than a week the chief anarchist visited Mr. Weeks every day to see that he was safe and in good health. He did not always wish to stay, but Mr. Weeks prevailed over him. The poor man's politeness was his ruin. Every day Mr. Weeks pinned his miserable auditor into an armchair, plied him with cigars and whisky—but not enough of the spirit for oblivion—and talked at him. Heavens, how he talked! To the anarchist the evenings passed in a wild whirling orgy of words, words. He pictured Home Rule, Registration Reform, the question of the Lords, as so many bricks designed solely that he might be pelted with them. His mind ached, and his body in sympathy felt bruised. He could talk himself on occasion, and cry 'Vive l'Anarchie!' with conviction, but the hard, unemotional, mechanical lecturing of Mr. Weeks struck a chill to his heart. Politics to his mind were less systematic and more exciting.

Mr. Weeks, in spite of his natural irritation at restraint, profoundly enjoyed his captivity. Engaged in a sacred duty, he was grandly unconscious of the anarchist's merciless boredom; he regarded him as a possible convert, and his soul glowed with missionary enterprise. He was magnificent, if slightly inhumane.

On the last day of Mr. Weeks's detention his visitor came in earlier than usual. The man had lost some of his bloom during his late severe experiences. His clothes hung on him without fit; he was deteriorating fast.

'Mr. B—— has come home,' he said simply.

'And I?' cried Weeks.

'You may go when you please.'

'You are very good. On my word, I am quite sorry to stop our charming evenings.'

'Mr. Weeks has been most obliging—and instructive.'

'But how about B——?' asked Weeks anxiously. 'Are you going to have another try at him?'

'I think not. We could only threaten to kill him, or to blow up his house and family, if he refused us. But these things would seem small to him. Has he not endured many years of your House of Commons?'

'What do you mean?'

But Mr. Weeks never received an explanation.

BENNET COPPLESTONE.

## IN YEARS OF STORM AND STRESS.

(1848-49.)

### IV.

A FRESH COURT-MARTIAL THREATENING—THE LIVING ENTOMBMENT  
IN THE CASEMATE—SECRET CORRESPONDENCE ESTABLISHED.

We had had many hair-breadth escapes, from perils of massacre, and from being shot by drumhead law. A new attempt was made now to bring us to trial before a fresh and packed court-martial, with the distinct order of rendering us 'harmless' for ever.

The man who strove to the utmost for this end was Mathy, a member of the Baden House of Deputies and Minister, who also sat in the German National Assembly. He got himself appointed as the representative of the Central Government of Archduke Johann, at Frankfurt, and as such went to Karlsruhe. There he declared, according to his own report,<sup>1</sup> that a deplorable weakness had been shown in the case of Gustav von Struve and myself as leaders of the Free Corps. 'The disturbers of the peace,' he said, 'must be rendered innocuous (*unschädlich*), and their accomplices be deterred from renewed invasions. Already a statement had gone forth that the valiant and intelligent General Hoffmann was intent upon resigning his post as commander-in-chief. Government, instead of allowing itself to be *hampered by mere formalities*, ought to be only influenced by the political situation of Germany and Baden. Quick and energetic action was absolutely necessary. If the Grand-ducal Government, at so critical a moment, could not get rid of its feebleness and were unable to decide upon showing that firmness which was wanted for the salvation of Germany and of its own position, the Central Power had only two courses before itself. Either it would withdraw the military forces of the Empire and leave the Grand-ducal Government to its own resources; or, if this was not feasible in view of the general interest of Germany, the Central Power would take care that the reins of the Baden Government were put into stronger hands.'

<sup>1</sup> See *Der Aufbruch und Umsturz in Baden*. Von Heinrich von Andlau.

So our heads were asked for as the price of the continuance of the Grand-duke's rule !

The Baden Premier and Minister of Justice, Bekk, was loth to take upon himself the responsibility for this outrageous course. The Grand-ducal Cabinet as a whole, while regretting that we could not be shot forthwith, pointed out to Mathy that the martial law they had proclaimed did not possess retrospective force. Still, that Cabinet hinted at the right of the Imperial Commissioner to 'make such changes as *he* might think fit in the composition of the court-martial and its application to members of the Free Corps who had invaded the country *before* the proclamation of drumhead law.'

This left the door open for the convocation of a new and specially composed court-martial, which could only have ended in our being stretched on the sandheap. However, the Imperial Power also did not dare to take such a step in the midst of revolutionary events. So, by a fluke, our lives were once more saved.

Of all this I only learnt later on, through the volumes of Baron von Andlau, an Ultramontane member of the Upper House of Baden, and through Bekk's work: 'The Movement in Baden in 1848-49.' Bekk mentions there that Mathy's mission was probably caused by an anonymous letter, alleged to have been written by a National Guard of Karlsruhe in the name of several of his comrades. In that letter our heads were claimed in the most furious terms. The masked writer asserted that, 'unless an immediate execution of those rebels took place, a counter-revolution in whole Germany might be the result.' This shady fabrication, which bears linguistic evidence of not having been written by a South German at all, also tried to egg the Government on to the murdering business by declaring that 'the Left, the Republicans, act with far greater energy.' The document is printed in Baron Andlau's collection.

In the same volume there is the report sent by the Imperial Commissioner, Count Keller, from Müllheim, to Herr von Schmerling, the Home Secretary of the Central Government at Frankfurt. It was written at the time when we were to be brought before the first court-martial. Keller said therein that sentence of death was to be wished for, but that the three non-military members of the court-martial seemed to persist in the opinion that the drumhead law, as published, could not be given retrospective force.

As to Mathy's warning, that the Baden Government should 'not allow itself to be hampered by mere formalities,' the Minister of Justice, Bekk, wrote in his work: 'This could not induce Government to commit a judicial murder (*Justizmord*). If thereby any weakness was shown, I confess myself guilty of it.' This is sufficient to show the character of Mathy. He strove with might and main to bring about that judicial murder.

The personal motive of Mathy will be explained by the following facts. I vividly recollect my first sight of the man in the Baden House of Commons, before the Revolution. He had once been an exile, even an associate of Mazzini—as the great Italian leader, many years afterwards, told me in London. At Karlsruhe, Mathy passed for being an active member of the advanced Opposition. His face, however, at once had a most repulsive effect upon me. Instinctively I recoiled, even as I did afterwards from Massa, the spy. In both cases my presentiment did not deceive me.

Soon I found that while Mathy, off and on, indulged in language of an apparently revolutionary kind, he often changed his tone. 'Did he want to be bought off?' I asked myself. I had a strange feeling, as if I could read the very thoughts of that cold and questionable visage. I expressed my opinion to some members of the House confidentially, but they received such remarks with incredulity. When once Mathy committed himself in a most suspicious way, I wrote a bitter criticism, foretelling that this man would one day betray his friends and the cause. I held it to be a duty thus to speak out. The highly satirical portraiture made a great sensation in Parliamentary circles. It gave rise to much astonishment, but also to uneasiness.

As a counterblast, an article in a paper, under Mathy's well-known sign, sought, through political denunciation, to induce Government to decree my expulsion. This would have been a great blow to the 'Parliamentary Gazette' of the 'Mannheimer Abendzeitung,' which I then edited. But the tide of the popular movement was rising already in such a way that Government refrained from a measure of expulsion.

When the revolutionary storm broke loose, Mathy did betray the people's cause, and with it his best personal friend. I had judged him correctly. Shortly before the rising led by Hecker and Struve, he, with his own hand, and without any warrant, arrested Fickler, the Democratic leader, to whom he had been



indebted for political and even other support in his days of distress. He seized that friend at the railway station on the false charge of a treacherous connection with France. To cover this shameful act, he alleged he had seen documentary proof in the room of the respected Speaker of the House of Commons, Professor Mittermaier. This assertion Mittermaier at once branded as a concoction. The anger aroused among the masses was so fierce that Mathy was near being lynched in his own constituency at Mannheim. Everywhere the common folk, on his name being mentioned, spat out and said: 'Pfui!' ('Fie!') That word stuck henceforth to him as a nickname.

For the accurate and early judgment I had made of the man's character, he sought to wreak a late revenge by getting us killed without formalities. The plan failed merely because the Grand-ducal Court and Ministry, as well as the Central Government of Archduke Johann, tried to shift the responsibility upon each other's shoulders, and none had the courage to take it.

The narrow strip of a casemate, in which I now was back at Rastatt, had enormously thick walls, and a longish window with cross-bars, high up from the ground. There was a tiny table, a chair, and a stone pitcher which served at the same time as a drinking-vessel. In this cage I was destined to pass in solitary confinement the next seven months, again without being allowed to leave it for a single moment. It was like being buried alive.

I lay down tired on the bed. There was a horsehair mattress as hard as wood; under it, a palliasse. No pillow; only a triangular piece of head-rest of the same unyielding stiffness.

For the first time I felt hungry again, having been left without food during the day. Late in the evening after I was in bed, soldiers and a gendarme came in with a basin of bread-and-milk soup. A non-commissioned officer held a lantern whilst I was eating that poor fare. He looked at me with an unmistakable expression of sympathy. Then the door, with its heavy lock and bolts, was shut again with a rattling noise. I tried to sleep, but felt an intense cold coming from the walls and the draughty window. The blanket covering of the bed was of the thinnest; the little stove in the casemate without fire in cold October.

Outside, on the corridor and in the courtyard below, sentries were posted. Perhaps an hour or two may have passed when I was awakened from a doze by a shuffling of feet coming up over

the stone stairs. The relief of sentries took place. I heard a gun loaded, the bullet rammed in, and the words bawled out:—

‘If the prisoner attempts to escape, shoot him!’

How such an attempt could have been made it was impossible to understand. Yet soon I was to learn that these pleasant words would be rung into my ears at every relief of the sentries, day and night. Those nocturnal visits and threatening words of command were evidently used as a physical and mental torture. Worse than this, each night the door was noisily opened every few hours—at what intervals I could not say. Then, regularly, some soldiers and a gendarme walked in, one of them holding a lantern and flashing the light full upon my face. They wanted to see whether I was still there! Needless to dwell on the refinement or the barbarity of that Chinese torture. I bore it silently, though it might have driven a man to madness. I wished to show my utter contempt of all those cruelties, and of rulers capable of such atrocities.

No newspapers, I need scarcely say, were allowed. At a time when every day could bring about colossal political changes, I was left in utter darkness as to what was going on during months. Nay, at first, no book even was given. I sat or lay down the whole long days, brooding over my own thoughts. The brain racked itself with incessant but vain endeavours to penetrate the coffin-like seclusion. It was a living death.

I scanned the faces of the gendarmes and soldiers who came in, trying to find out from their mien whether there was any gleam of hope. But I did not speak. I was too proud to make any one think, however erroneously, that some word of mine might be a sign of despair or a covert plea for more lenient treatment.

A long time passed thus without any intellectual food. The mind simply preyed upon itself. As the only break in this ghastly stillness came the secret investigation I was subjected to by the examining judge. It was held in the small guard-room next door to the cell. On these few occasions I treated that judge to polite but firm remarks about our right to act as we had done, in language which astounded him beyond description.

At last I received some books. The first was the Bible, and then one of Guts-Muths’ geographical works. The poetical descriptions and the historical parts of the Old Testament in Luther’s powerful translation had always struck me as remarkable Hebrew literature. In the highest class at school, where a

facility for learning Hebrew was offered to those intending to study theology, I had wished, at the age of seventeen, to take part in such instruction. But as I confessed, in my freethinking eagerness, for which I was already known, that my object was by no means a theological one, I was refused admission. I then began Hebrew for a while with a Jewish schoolfellow and later university friend, Aaron Frank. This I did not continue at Heidelberg. There, besides the course of jurisprudence, of Roman, German, and French law, as expounded by the great legists, Vangerow, Mittermaier, Zöpfl, and others, I attended so many lectures on history, archæology, political economy, philosophy, and literature, as well as on Germanistic lore which had been a favourite subject of mine since my boyhood, that my time was too much taken up. I was all the more occupied as I zealously went into the study of Gothic and Old High German, and privately also into ancient Low German which Professor Hahn declared to have himself neglected.

Now, in this dreary loneliness of the casemate dungeon, I gladly turned to the Old Testament with its many significant passages against kingcraft and tyranny. In Guts-Muths' work the coloured drawings representing the various races were soothing to the hungering eye. I read everything with avidity from beginning to end.

With the bed, the table, the stove, and a box of some of my clothes, which were sent after a while, there were only a few feet of room left for pacing up and down. Being accustomed to much bodily exercise, and of a physical strength generally looked upon as uncommon, I suffered agonies from this confinement like a wild beast. Now and then I could not resist the impulse to shake and lift the heavy wooden bedstead in a kind of athletic fury, merely to get a little outlet for pent-up energy. Yet I had to do this with caution, as there were sentries with loaded guns in the corridor and under the window, and two gendarmes as watchers in a room next door. They might have construed the noise of such enraged exercise as an attempt at escape.

Soon after I had been put into that stone cage, a new horror accumulated upon the head of those described. The little rest I could get, so often broken by the nightly visitation, was now still further disturbed by ghastly dreams. It was owing, no doubt, partly to the same cause as at Bruchsal—namely, the oppressive foul air at night in the narrow unventilated cell, but partly also

to the racking hardness of the woodlike head-rest. I tried to soften it by putting my coat over it, which until then I had spread over the wretchedly thin blanket. But then I found myself all the more shivering from cold within those stone walls. I had gone into the campaign in light summer dress, and it took some time before the box with my clothes arrived. Meanwhile nothing additional was given me for the sake of warmth.

The result of all these discomforts was that during about three months I had literally, night after night, the same horrible dream. My dear mother, who had died some years before, appeared to me continually as a ghastly terrifying figure, with distorted traits. In vain did I, when lying down, think of the great love she had always borne to me—of her unfailing goodness of heart combined with playful humour—of her self-sacrificing care for the poor, for whom every week on a given day she would leave some money as well as little bags of food arranged with her own hands—of the simple and naïve creed which she, not being a church-goer, would show when, in a beautiful star-lit night, she took me out, as a boy, into the garden, and, pointing to the glittering constellations, said that our future home was to be in those sublime worlds—or of her last touching words on her death-bed, when she placed her hand on my head with a blessing.

It was all in vain. When night fell and any sleep came, there uprose the same terrible nightmare, and I awoke with an outcry in deep distress.

This suddenly ceased in some unaccountable way. Perhaps the change was caused by my opening at last the window before lying down, or sometimes even late at night, in spite of the fearful cold. This I had to do at some risk, for as soon as I stepped up to the deep window embrasure I often heard the gun of the sentry cocked, and words of challenge uttered. Then I quickly sprang back upon the table from which I had approached the window.

As to food, there was not overmuch of it; but this did not matter in such an absolute seclusion without any exercise. Twice a week only, a piece of boiled soup-meat was given. The bread was the coarse soldier's bread then in use, in which the teeth sometimes gnashed against what felt like sand. No fork or knife was allowed; only a spoon. I had to tear the tough meat with my hands.

The nails of my feet grew painfully into the flesh, but I was not allowed a penknife for cutting the nails. Those of my hands

I had to bite off. The hair of the head and of the beard easily came out when I put my fingers through it. Even when the hair had grown so long as to reach the shoulders, it was not cut.

The supply of wood for the stove was extremely scanty. I felt the cold in that hard winter very bitterly. Through the draughtiness of the window, which was above the bed, I got a nervous irritation on the top of the head. It gave a sensation as if ants were crawling over the brain in serpentine procession. The cell having been whitewashed, with plenty of white lead used, shortly before I became its inmate, a throat complaint, with an ulcerous swelling, was the result. I could not take food without pain. So at last I had to speak about it, when I got some gargle. As to any ablution of the body, there was not the slightest provision for it. The pitcher and a small towel were to serve for everything, even in the way of washing. This I could not bear any longer. Having mentioned it to Matt the warder, I was glad beyond expression when he brought in—though only once a week—a little wooden tub with a piece of soap.

In the painful state of starved senses, the mind often wandered back, with a strange yearning, to the picture of woodland, hill, and stream, and flower-decked leas, to which I had always felt a strong attraction. I had been brought up, in the later part of my youth, between two forests full of red deer and all kinds of animals; also, wild boars in an enclosure, through which they sometimes broke. On looking from the windows of my study over a large meadow towards the woods, I had always seen in spring the arrival of numerous storks, clapping and feeding in water-rills. Throughout the year there was the sight of stags, roes, and hares, coming out from the forest, and grazing; the leverets indulging in their comic infantine antics. During a grand-ducal hunt, an enormous number of animals were usually shot. Much damage was done in our grounds by the deer and hares; but the game laws being, before the Revolution, of the most outrageously mediæval kind, there was no help for it. Yet, as boys, we would sometimes set a wire trap in our garden, in spite of the frightful penalties. The first time, however, we caught a hare, its pitiable childlike cries in the stillness of the night gave me an utter disgust for this kind of illicit sport.

Other rural recollections crowded in upon me. On frosty winter nights I had often heard, high up in the sky, the plaintive

gagglings of wild geese and ducks, travelling southwards in pointed array. They generally settled on a pond not far from our home, where a number of them were caught. Again, grand was the recollection of splendid thunderstorms in summer, with the preceding distant roar in the tree-tops of the forest, and the short interval of almost supernaturally sudden calm. Then, in winter, when I walked back from town, late at night, to my father's house, the brilliant firmament and the plain below, all covered with the dazzling whiteness of snow, exercised a magnetic fascination. This irresistible influence of a snow landscape, lit up by the moon, has a well-known entrancing, soporific influence upon the belated wanderer. On one occasion I was only saved from what, no doubt, would have resulted in death, by a carter passing by with his heavily loaded wagon. He picked me up where I had already sunk down, near a tree on the deserted high-road. But the glorious aspect of the heavens, in the open, in these wonderful nights, never faded from my memory.

To roam in the dark woods, where in some natural opening—forming what looked like a fairy-ring—many beautiful plants, even of the orchid kind, were growing; to go botanising over the meadows and hills with their rich bloom of the many species found in Southern Germany; to help in mowing the grass and stacking the hay, had been my delight. The 'narrow pressure of the streets'—*der Strassen quetschende Enge*, as Goethe has it in 'Faust'—has been, ever since, my aversion.

And now, with such haunting pictures before my mind's eye, to lie in that bare narrow casemate, day and night, without a single breath of fresh air, month after month!

I recollect how once, when a gendarme visited the cell, an early wasp flew in. I felt actual joy at the sight. The insect seemed to me like a pleasant harbinger of spring, and I wished I could induce the winged thing to stay. But it knew better.

One day a slight tap was given at the door. Through the keyhole there came a scarcely audible whisper:

'Pst! Pst!'

What could this mean? Was it possible that a friend of our cause was there in the guise of a sentinel?

A prisoner's mood is, in rapid change, often one of elated hopefulness, and then again of dark despair and suspicion. I looked through the keyhole. There stooped before the door a

private, a man of remarkably fine features—of almost distinguished appearance, so far as I could see.

‘I have to tell you sad news!’ he said under his breath. ‘The Revolution at Vienna is overthrown. A state of siege proclaimed. Robert Blum guillotined on the scaffold; with him many others. Blood running everywhere!’

Hardly had these few words been faintly breathed when there was some slight noise at the door of the room where the gendarmes were lodged. I quickly stepped back and threw myself on the bed, pretending to be asleep. Meanwhile I heard how the soldier grounded his gun with a heavy thump, as if trying to deaden the slight sound-waves of his hurried whisper. Again all was still.

‘Robert Blum guillotined!’ . . . His form and figure vividly came up before me as I had seen him during the Provisional Parliament at Frankfurt, in the full glow of his popularity. Of his recent presence at Vienna, of a new Revolution there in autumn, I had no inkling. Only later I learnt that he had gone thither in October, sent as a representative of his party in the German National Assembly, together with our friend, Dr. Julius Fröbel, the poet Moritz Hartmann, and another member. A new popular rising had taken place at Vienna. The dynasty, deeply compromised in secret reactionary intrigues, had fled; whereupon the Austrian Reichstag made common cause with the movement for the protection of the liberties won. But Imperialist armies gathered round the fated town; and, after a long and heroic defence, in which Robert Blum played his part, Vienna was stormed by the troops of Jellacic, the Governor of Croatia, and of Field-Marshal Windischgrätz.

Then, indeed, one of the foremost leaders of the German Parliament was, ‘not guillotined on the scaffold,’ as the soldier had stated from hearsay, but lawlessly shot by drumhead law. All Germany, including Liberal men in Government, rang with indignation and horror. Freiligrath, the ‘bard of the Revolution,’ dedicated to Blum’s memory one of his grandest and most thrilling poems.

The startling news of that execution, thus stealthily, in hasty fragmentary wise, conveyed to me, seemed almost too monstrous for belief, in spite of what we had experienced. Robert Blum was the very idol of the masses. His legal inviolability as a member of the National Assembly, to which Austria had sent her own deputies, should have covered him to the full. In this



opinion he had calmly remained in the town after it had been taken by storm; even asking for his passport. Now, was it imaginable that such a crime against that 'Sovereignty of the People' (*Volks-Souveränität*), which Freiherr von Gagern, as Speaker, had formally proclaimed at the opening of the German Parliament, could have been committed? If so, what other violent deeds might not be expected from triumphant tyranny? For many days I mused over that secret tale.

Some weeks later, another faint sound was heard at the key-hole. I looked. The same soldier knelt there!

'I cannot bear it any more!' he whispered. 'I want to leave the country. Can you give me any advice as to where to go?'

I gazed closely at his face and eyes. Was this a snare? Could this man with the uncommonly fine features not be an officer in disguise, seeking to lure me on? How if the gendarmes next door had been set to listen to our conversation as future witnesses? If I encouraged a soldier to desertion, might not this be taken advantage of, in such times of high-handed despotism, for haling me before a new court-martial?

The soldier's voice had the accent of the Alemannic people of the Black Forest, where remarkably handsome physiognomies are not rare, and where our rising had taken place. I mentally fought against the doubts which had risen in my mind; but I answered cautiously, yet at the same time fully within the principles which guided me. I explained to the man the route which emigrants to America usually take, but added:

'I trust you will stay here. Our cause will yet triumph once more. With your views, you have a duty to fulfil!'

'Thanks!' he answered; 'I will see!'

In the dead solitude of the dungeon my thoughts continually went back to these clandestine conversations. Sometimes the harassing doubt would return. Sometimes I believed a good friend had come, though with a sanguinary tale, who might yet be of use.

Months passed. I heard nothing further of what was going on outside. In this Kaspar Hauser-like closeness (as Amalie Struve, in her 'Reminiscences,' calls, with a significant allusion to the Baden dynasty, the treatment awarded to her husband and me) my head, from want of fresh air and of bodily movement, often swam. For exercise I tried to run up and down the few feet of room left in the cell, but it generally made matters only

worse. Giddiness then overcame me. Sometimes I felt as if the walls were suddenly giving way and slowly closing in upon me. It was a horrible sensation. To this feeling I gave expression, after some six months, in a poem—fully revolutionary in spirit, though—which, by means presently to be explained, I managed to send to Friederike, with a letter. It began thus :

*Sechs Monden lang, sechs Monden lang  
In dumpfer Kasematte ;  
Mein einzig lebend Kerkergenoss  
Die Nagerin, die Ratte.*

The gnawing of a rat was indeed occasionally heard in a corner. I never saw it. Still, even this was almost welcome as a sign of life.

During all these gruesome experiences, I can aver, I never lost courage or faith in our guiding principles. Other consolatory faith I had not. When in later years, in this country, our dear friend Mazzini would now and then launch out, with almost priestly bitterness, against the views of Feuerbach, Strauss, Büchner, Darwin, and Huxley, I asked him whether he did not think that those who held such views, and who remained firm under the worst treatment, gave proof of superior courage and devotion to the cause of freedom and social progress, as compared with those who were of his own way of believing. He evaded the question.

Gustav von Struve, on his part, held a Deistic creed. In a touching poem to his wife, to be found in her 'Reminiscences,' he embodied, in language of noble simplicity, his religious trust in a Supreme Power that rules all for the best. Towards the end of his life he approached to philosophical ideas, such as they were developed already in ancient Hindoo and classic antiquity by Kapila, Empedokles, and Lucretius.

One day I was surprised by a visit from my elder brother. At the first glance I scarcely recognised him. He came in his artillery uniform, in which I had not seen him before, fresh from Northern Germany, whither his regiment had been sent during the Schleswig-Holstein war. The warder and a gendarme were present. I spoke to Valentin with befitting calmness and composure. But the tears streamed from his eyes when he saw and heard the condition in which I was kept ; and he, who was of the strongest build and of great physical strength, was for a while utterly unmanned.

Little did he imagine then the fate which would befall him many months later, after the sanguinary overthrow of a new Revolution, in which he had taken part on the people's side as an elected officer of the artillery. Being made a prisoner of war by the invading Prussian army under the command of the Crown Prince (the later King-Emperor William I.), he was asked his name, and at once tied to a tree to be shot. His captors were under the impression that it was myself that had been seized.

'I am not Karl Blind!' he had just time to gasp out; 'my name is Valentin Blind!'

This saved him. By a court-martial, fortunately held in the afternoon, when the military judges were known to pronounce rather a more lenient sentence after a good meal, he was condemned to seven years of solitary confinement in the cellular prison of Bruchsal. There the prisoners, when daily marched out into the courtyard, had to wear cloth masks over their faces, so that they might not recognise each other. Speaking to each other was forbidden to them. During Valentin's captivity, not a few cases of madness and suicide occurred among the mass of political prisoners that filled all available dungeons and lock-up rooms throughout the country—so enormous was their number. The muscles of his arms became, during those seven years, quite hard and stiff. After his release, he, once one of the most robust men, died, a few years later, a premature death.

Another visit to me, which was allowed some time afterwards, was that of Friederike. It lasted, like that of my brother, only about ten minutes. We both maintained the fullest self-command. I quietly expressed my hope for a near triumph of our cause, but was presently checked by the gendarme, whilst the warder had kindly remained silent. This visit was like a sudden sunbeam in the casemate tomb.

But what would the governor of the fortress of Rastatt, and those that acted under him, have thought, had the mere suspicion crossed their minds that between me and Friederike there would soon be established a secret correspondence, daringly conveyed through Matt the warder himself?

I scarcely know how that man, who had acted as jailer to me before, gradually earned my confidence. In the never-failing presence of the gendarmes or soldiers, I was unable to hold out any future reward to him. Yet it seemed to me as if I sometimes saw in his looks and slight movements a sign of his readi-

ness to do me a good turn. A captive in such circumstances appears to get an almost preternatural insight.

In the course of months I had been allowed more and more books, which Friederike now sent. They were all of a non-political character: some works of Goethe, Seume, and George Sand; a translation of Ossian; a new edition of Luther's writings; many volumes of Shakespeare in the version of Schlegel and Tieck, and others. They were piled up on the small table. The mere fact of even these books being permitted to be received in prison, with pages often significantly ear-marked, or pencilled, I now looked upon as a proof that the popular movement was again in the ascendant. As to the continued severity of my cage-like duress, I held that to be evidence of the fear of Government lest a rescue might be attempted.

Besides books, Friederike had sent once a few delicacies; among them, some oranges. At that time, this was a high-priced fruit in Southern Germany, which had to come by wagon transit over the Alps. The oranges, I learnt afterwards, were at first not allowed to be brought to me—probably from a suspicion that a watch-spring might be hidden in one of them, which could serve as a file for sawing the window-bars. Yet what use could that have been, with a sentry below the window, and soldiers and gendarmes posted about? Later on, a single orange was given me, cut up into little irregular bits, evidently for the purpose of looking for some tiny instrument possibly concealed in it.

However, even those small mercies also proved to me that the tide of the Democratic movement was rising. All this encouraged me to try Matt's sympathetic feelings, which I thought I had observed in his eyes and in the tone of his voice.

From a book I tore a blank leaf. I had then got some writing material for the purpose of writing out notes, in view of the coming great State Trial. Still, I had to be careful not to let it be seen, when an inspection took place, that any paper of that special kind was missing. So I wrote, on the abstracted book leaf, a letter to Friederike in very circumspect words, indicating the accustomed endearing terms only by dots.

By a fortunate oversight I had not been bodily searched to the full, when made a prisoner—with the exception of having had to hand over all my valuables. A lucky chance had thus left me a piece of sealing-wax which I had used during our campaign. With this I sealed the letter at the stove.

Then I put the note behind some books on the table near the window. The books formed, so to say, a screen. On Matt coming in to empty things and to inspect the table, I gave him a side-ward glance, slightly pointing in the direction where the letter lay. The gendarme meanwhile stood at the door. Matt did not appear to understand or to dare, though, as in duty bound, he rummaged about the table. When they had left I hid the letter in the bed—which I always had to make up myself—but repeated the manœuvre next day.

Again with no result! I was in despair.

It so happened that on the third day the gendarme was looking away for a few moments. Quickly I pointed with my finger to the letter, and made a rapid sign to Matt to take it. Then he, with his back turned towards the door, seized the note and cleverly slid it into the breast-pocket of his coat. His face, always pale, blanched to a ghastly whiteness when he did this. He was clearly in mortal fear of detection. However, everything passed off well. From that day a correspondence was set up between me and Friederike by similar means.

I was much troubled as to the safe arrival of this first letter. Was Matt to be really trusted? How if he acted like the treacherously insinuating go-between—a common criminal—who had betrayed me at Frankenthal after offering to convey a few written words to her who had been there under the same charge of high treason and insult to majesty?

After a while a letter came from Friederike openly through the prison authorities. How glad I was that it contained the secret sign I had indicated to her as a proof of her having safely received mine! Now I felt relieved indeed.

Soon afterwards another sentry, to my horror, whispered to me through the keyhole that I should be on my guard against the turnkey. 'As soon as the man has locked the door again,' said the soldier, 'he makes mocking gestures at you. He is a false fellow.'

So there was treachery, after all? And why did the soldier say I should be on my guard? How could he know? Was he aware of anything that had passed between me and Matt?

'But no,' I finally reasoned to myself; 'Matt wants to mislead the gendarmes. It is a feint of his.'

So, in fact, it rightly turned out to be.

The sealing of a letter was a rather difficult matter. It had

to be done by melting the wax at the heated stove, no candle being allowed. Hence I had to use the wax during daytime. Now it so happened that once when I had just sealed a letter, the warder and the gendarmes came in at an unusual hour. The gendarmes sniffed the air suspiciously. 'What smell is this?' one of them asked gruffly.

'I don't know,' I answered carelessly.

'But there is a curious smell near the stove,' he said, coming nearer.

'Maybe from the peat,' I replied. 'Sometimes it smells sulphurously.'

Some peat had been brought in with a little beechwood. The men now sniffed about the stove. Sure, the smell was there; and they became satisfied that it was a special kind of peat.

Believing in Matt's trustworthiness, and being fully supplied now with writing-paper, I sent out several communications through him, destined for the press. In one of them, guiding maxims were laid down for the coming jury. The point of view developed was, that in such a stormy period of revolution, when there was a struggle daily going on, with quick-changing issues, between popular right and despotic violence combined with princely perjury—all institutions being thus in a state of solution—a juryman who would not see Germany thrown back into her former wretched state of dynastic dismemberment and social oppression, should not give his verdict simply on the facts of a case, but in accordance with his notions of right or wrong; otherwise he could only bring misery upon his fatherland. If his 'Yes' to any question of fact were to hand over a champion of freedom to the headsman's sword on the scaffold, he should boldly answer 'No;' meaning 'Not guilty.'

That point had a practical importance for us. As will be seen later on, these admonitions to the expected jury had a serviceable effect. In prison I could not reckon upon it as a certainty; but I naturally did my best to impress the public mind.

Thus the prisoner who was so closely immured as if he were dead, and against whom everything was done to break down health and to drive him, if possible, out of reason, fought Government at last with the pen from his very casemate tomb.

Meanwhile I looked forward with quiet resolve to whatever issue the State trial might have. Few, perhaps, would understand how deep the iron had sunk into my soul from conviction

of the righteousness of our cause and under the load of barbarous treatment. I made up my mind to refrain from all personal defence. I meant contemptuously to forgo even the slightest complaint about the cruelties inflicted—which to some extent had at last become known in public—but boldly and mercilessly to draw up a formal Act of Accusation against the wearer of the crown and all German kingcraft. This I proposed to do in language never heard before in any court of justice. I wrote to Friederike that those proceedings would be made a

*Dies irae, dies illa,  
Solvat sacellum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.*

Meanwhile I had received a great number not only of books, but also of various newspapers—Conservative, Liberal, even advanced Democratic ones—of old and recent date, which Friederike henceforth procured with never-flagging zeal from the editorial office of the journal with which I had for years been connected. The fact of all this being let in showed that the power of Government was on the wane. How I pored over those papers to get a proper knowledge of the stirring events that had rapidly followed each other, whilst I, consumed with helpless wrath, lay in the stone *oubliette*! Even the advertisements I went through with a curious interest. It was as if they restored to me bits of that individual life which every attempt had been made to crush by a treatment calculated to bring about madness or self-murder.

Though I had full opportunity now of reading, I was still thrown back, in the afternoon of the wintry days, on my own thoughts as soon as dusk came on. No candle was allowed yet. When the light of day waned, I could do nothing but stare at the high wall opposite or at the sky through the narrow heavily barred window, or lie down on the hard couch. In the stillness of the gloaming and of the dark, the far-off screech of a railway engine, the rolling sound of a train, or the bugle calls for the garrison made the hopeless longing for liberty even more painful. Often I rose to look up to the small bit of the starry firmament I was able to see. Such calm above! such fiendish cruelty below! The moon glided along, heedless of human suffering.

KARL BLIND.



A VISIT TO LONGWOOD.<sup>1</sup>

Off St. Helena : Friday, 15th August, 1817.

WE arrived at St. Helena late in the afternoon of the 11th inst., being five weeks within one day from the Isle of France, and twelve days from rounding the Cape. We sailed again yesterday afternoon, but owing to light winds during the night we were at daylight this morning still in sight of the island, distant about forty miles.

On arriving in the bay of St. Helena we found several men-of-war. The flag of Rear-Admiral Plampin was flying on board the *Conqueror*, 74, by a boat from which ship we were boarded before we anchored, and both Hall<sup>2</sup> and myself were surprised by a note from Mr. Cairnes, the first lieutenant of her, who was an old friend and companion of ours on our first going to sea in the *Leander* in 1802. We had neither of us met for many years; I had not seen him for upwards of ten. The meeting on all sides was agreeable, and I remained the evening with him, while Hall went on shore to wait on the Governor and Admiral.

At dinner I met Sir Thomas Reade, the Adjutant-General, who informed me that Hall would possibly see Napoleon Buonaparte on the following day, after the review which was to take place on account of the Regent's birthday. Sir Thomas being aware of the difficulty of my hearing in time from Hall for this purpose kindly offered to have a horse in readiness for me in the morning and said he would himself accompany me to the review. I gladly accepted his offer and was punctual to my appointment, although the weather was so wet and dirty as to prevent the review. Before I proceed further I must in justice to Sir Thomas Reade observe that on all other occasions we found him equally kind and friendly and obliging to a degree which is seldom met with from a stranger. His manners and appearance, which are both genteel and soldierlike, have a very peculiar degree of softness and sweetness, which can only be the effect of a very delightful disposition, aided by a long intercourse with the world and an intimate connection with the best society.

<sup>1</sup> Copied by his great-grand-daughter, M. C. Bernard, from the Diary of Lieut. Herbert John Clifford, R.N., 1817 [written on board H.M. sloop *Zyra* on the homeward voyage from China, whither the *Zyra* had gone with Lord Amherst's embassy.]

<sup>2</sup> Capt. Basil Hall, R.N.

As the review was put off I proceeded to join Hall at Plantation House, the residence of Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor; it was a distance of about three miles up a winding road over Ladder Hill, the height of which is 597 feet. We met on the road and I learned from him that we were to sail in the evening; that a message had been sent to Marshal Bertrand, at Longwood, to say that Captain Hall wished to pay his respects to Napoleon, and that we were to go over to him about one o'clock.

On my reaching Plantation House I found Captain Hervey had arrived before me; he was with the Governor's secretary, Major Gorriquer, in a very comfortable library, and shortly afterwards we were joined by Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe. I found them both very polite and her ladyship very affable. We remained here till after lunch, and then again mounted our horses and set out for Longwood, which we reached about four o'clock. The road from the quantity of rain which had fallen was very bad, and we crossed several valleys the descent to which was disagreeable, added to which we had several gates to open, which we found it difficult to do without dismounting, although the St. Helena horses are said to be trained to this kind of work.

On our arrival at Longwood, we inquired for Captain Blakeney of the 66th Regiment, the officer in charge of Napoleon; soon afterwards we were introduced to Dr. O'Meara, the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, who accompanied the ex-Emperor into his exile. We were conducted by the latter gentleman to Count Bertrand's residence a few yards below Longwood House; it is a small cottage of one story in height, having a hall and two rooms on the ground floor, besides some alteration which was added to it in front. This house has been built since the party came to the island.

On our entry we were introduced to Count Bertrand, who is rather a plain-looking man and less like a soldier than the generality of field-officers one meets with; he appears, however, a pleasant gentlemanlike man, but there is a crying look about his countenance. He was very polite and requested us to sit down. He conversed with Hall in French, and afterwards spoke to Hervey and me in the same language, but finding that neither of us spoke French he addressed us in bad English. We had sat about a quarter of an hour with him, when the door of an adjoining apartment was opened by the Countess Bertrand, who in very good English requested us to walk in. We were now ushered into a room bearing somewhat more the appearance of comfort than that which

we had left, for, although small, it was fitted up in a good style and well furnished, and really had an air of comfort about it. In the former one I was struck on my entry by seeing an infant's clothes drying on a horse before the fire; this, I could not help thinking, was a sad change for a woman who had been all her life accustomed to the first circles in France.

The Countess, after our introduction by Dr. O'Meara, seated herself on a sofa near the fire, wrapped up in a large shawl, and we soon found that she had been unwell—indeed her swelled face indicated her present suffering. She entertained us, however, in very good style, and sent us away highly pleased with her; from her manners and conversation we all agreed that she is both a ladylike and well-informed woman. She is tall and of a fine figure, and upon the whole of a prepossessing appearance; her age may be about thirty-two. She seemed much entertained by the account of our voyage and took much interest in it. She had an infant in her arms—a fine child—and she told us that she had lost another at Elba, which was poisoned by the French physician, who when drunk administered too large a dose of opium. She has three other children, whom we afterwards saw; the two eldest are boys, but Henri, the youngest, is the finest. The other is a little girl about six or seven years of age—the prettiest creature I ever beheld; her long dark hair fell in flowing ringlets over her shoulders, being parted in front just sufficiently to display a pair of the most beautiful black eyes imaginable, and as she took occasional peeps at us there was an archness in her smile scarcely describable.

We remained here until Dr. O'Meara informed us that we could not be admitted to the presence of the ex-Emperor. We then took leave of the Countess, who afterwards took great interest in our seeing Napoleon, and we owe not a little to her influence over her husband, aided by the efforts of Dr. O'Meara, for our ultimate success. We did not again see the Count; he probably did not like to be the bearer of a disagreeable answer. We were of course much disappointed after having had a very disagreeable ride of eight miles over a bad road amidst rain and dirt, with all the hopes of being received, added to which we had looked forward to this event for a long period of time. The reason assigned by the doctor for our not being received was that Napoleon had just returned from his walk, and having thrown off his coat would not again put it on. This Dr. O'Meara informed me on our

arrival he feared would be the case. On Hall consulting with Dr. O'Meara, who it appears had great interest with Buonaparte, there appeared a gleam of hope that he might be induced to give us an audience the next day; and as Sir Hudson had requested that the brig might be detained until noon, it was agreed that Dr. O'Meara should make a signal—Yes or No—in the morning. And here we parted, Hall for Plantation House, Hervey and myself for the ball at the Government House in town—where we saw all the beauty and fashion of St. Helena, which does not amount to a very large sum.

With great anxiety did we wait until two o'clock on the following day in hopes of hearing our fate. At length it was announced by Sir Thomas Reade, who instantly ordered horses, and we set out at a full gallop for Longwood, a distance from town of five miles. On our way we passed the Briars, the seat of Mr. Balcombe, which has acquired celebrity from its being the first residence of Buonaparte in this island. We arrived at the Guard-House, near Longwood, at least an hour before Hall, owing to some mistake in the signal. On his arrival we found that there still remained great doubts whether Hervey and I should be able to see the ex-Emperor, whose objection the day before had been to a party; he said if Captain Hall had been alone he would have received him.

We now made up our minds to be refused an interview, and even wished to go away, which Hall objected to, as it had been thought best by Sir Hudson that we should accompany him and take our chance of being admitted. We were now met by Dr. O'Meara, who conducted us all to Marshal Bertrand; he said we could not do better than wait there until Hall was received, and possibly Buonaparte might admit us. We were quite happy to follow his advice, and felt that we should be well recompensed for the trouble of our journey by an hour's conversation with the Countess Bertrand, for whose inspection we had brought the Loo-choo sketches and costumes, painted by Mr. Havil, the artist to the Embassy.

We were entertained with cake and wine, and shortly after the Count left us habited in the full uniform of a French Marshal. He had not been long gone when a servant came to say that he was waiting to introduce Captain Hall to the Emperor—as also the other gentlemen. This was more than we had anticipated, and certainly it made us very happy to find ourselves so near the

object of our wishes and the anxious solicitude of many hours of the last two years. We were received in an ante-chamber by the Count, who conducted Hall into the presence while Hervey and I waited outside. He remained with him about twenty minutes, during which time we heard an occasional laugh which we could scarcely credit; however, we found afterwards that it was true. We were now admitted together, which from Hall's being received alone we had not anticipated; this was fortunate, for while Hervey was answering his inquiries, I surveyed this wonder of the world from head to foot. Our interview was short. After making a bow, he immediately began questioning Hervey, for whom as well as myself Bertrand interpreted, and in very good English. Seeing Captain Hervey in a military uniform, he asked to what regiment he belonged, and whether foot or horse; he then pointed to a piece of crape on his arm, and said he perceived he was in mourning and requested to know for whom. On being told 'his father,' his look suddenly became expressive of concern for his loss, and he repeated the words of his Marshal, 'son père,' and the interjection 'hah.' At this time his countenance appeared to greater advantage than I ever afterwards saw it. He then turned to me, and as I was in plain clothes, instead of asking me the usual naval questions, such as 'Who have you served with &c.' he requested to know of what country I was—what part of that country—and how I came to St. Helena, and if I had been all the voyage with Captain Hall. Upon my answering these questions, he bowed us out of the room. Our gratification was complete; we had seen and conversed with Napoleon Buonaparte; and after taking leave of the Countess Bertrand, Dr. O'Meara, and Captain Blakeney, to the two former of whom we owed our success, we departed for James Town for the purpose of embarking.

I found Napoleon a very different man in appearance from what I had imagined he was, even shorter and more corpulent than I expected. His hair, which is dark, was cut short all round; his head is very large, and he has a full round face, but not so fat as it is generally represented; his whiskers are shaven off. I saw nothing extraordinary in any of his features except his eye, which is the best feature of his countenance, and seems to give all its expression; but the eyes really did not appear to me to be of that penetrating kind which are generally described. I did not conceive that his full face was at all like the portraits of him, but his profile struck me as being very like, and I think is generally well

imitated. There is a sour look about his face which it does not seem an easy matter for him to get rid of. He honoured me with a smile, but it was evident from his manner that he looked upon us as people who came more from curiosity to look at him than any respect or admiration of his character, or from whom he was likely to obtain much information—which first part was true enough. But by a little condescension on his part he might have purchased our good will. He looked, I thought, very sallow and even ill—but this is said always to be the case. I found no difficulty in looking him full in the face, nor did I find that he possessed that scrutinising glance which is described to belong to his eye. His *tout-ensemble* had more the appearance of a man devoted to study than the air of one who had devoted his life to military glory. His questions were not so quick as we had been led to expect; indeed, Dr. O'Meara informed us that towards Englishmen he had altered his manner, finding it was not the characteristic of the nation.

He was dressed in an old green coat with covered buttons, a white waistcoat, small clothes, and silk stockings, shoes and buckles, and on his breast he wore an old shabby star. He received us as is his usual mode—standing with his hands in his breeches pockets, and a three-cornered cocked hat under his arm; the tricoloured cockade I did not observe—if any, it must have been hid by his arm. During Hall's interview with him he asked a variety of questions; these were mostly about his father, whom he had known at the College of Brienne. He said that he recollected him from the circumstance of his having been the first Englishman he ever met. The pictures of Loo-choo seemed to interest him, and one of Sulphur Island (a barren rock) he said exactly resembled St. Helena; he examined minutely all the others, and asked a variety of questions about these Islanders, their customs, manners, religion, laws, &c., and seemed much astonished when he found they had no missile weapons, nor firearms. When Hall mentioned that they had no firearms, he said that he supposed he meant they had no cannon; but, upon being assured that they knew nothing of either arms or the use of powder, he seemed greatly surprised that they had no means of doing mischief to their neighbours. He then asked what they knew of Europe, when he told him that they did not know of the existence of such a country. This opportunity was taken of saying that they had not even heard of *him*, at which he made a great exclamation, and laughed heartily. His other questions to

Hall were about the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which his father is the President; he asked the number of members &c.

It is said that he detests the present Governor; this is probably because he does his duty. But it would be useless to enumerate the evils of which he is said to complain, and of which our stay was too short to form any idea. I shall, therefore, just relate such anecdotes of him as came within my knowledge.

He has, besides the Count Bertrand, who is styled Grand Marshal of the Palace, two Generals—Montholon and Gourgaud. The latter we met as we left Longwood; he is said to be the best of the party. This may arise from his choosing to mix more among the English. He was dressed in plain clothes, and is a gentlemanlike-looking Frenchman. The other General we did not see; his son, a boy of seven or eight years of age, is a nice lad. Green seems to be the favourite colour of these exiles. Las Cases, who was his secretary, is a prisoner at the Cape, having been sent away from the Island on account of the correspondence which was found on a boy, written on silk, and sewed into the lining of his jacket. This is said to have been a trick of Las Cases to get sent off the Island. Buonaparte denies all knowledge of the circumstance, and said as Las Cases was fool enough to get into a scrape, he must get out of it in the best way he could. The Governor it seems had information of the scheme, but would not interrupt it until it became ripe, when he surrounded Las Cases' room, and seized all his papers, while another party secured the boy. Many curious documents came to light on this occasion, but every paper written in Buonaparte's hand was returned unread by Sir Hudson Lowe with a polite note, which is said to have been quite satisfactory; those in the handwriting of Las Cases were all detained.

It is said that Buonaparte still keeps up as much of his former pomp as his present circumstances will admit. His Generals never go to him but in full uniform, and when they attend him in his walks are always uncovered. He is styled Emperor by all his household; but the Government do not allow his visitors to do so, and it is always known should this be the case.

Mr. Elphinstone, the Chief of the British factory at Canton, sent him not long since a present of a set of superb ivory chessmen and card counters on each of which was an imperial crown over the letter N. The Governor, not expecting this, had sent word of their arrival and promised to send them over as soon as



they reached him. Had he known of the imperial crowns before this promise they would not have been sent ; but as his word was given he could not retract, and they were accordingly sent with an intimation that nothing so marked could in future be sent. In reply he received an impertinent letter from Bertrand (dictated by Buonaparte) saying that he supposed the Emperor's linen, which happened to be marked with the imperial crown, would be seized when sent out to wash. Sir Hudson is said to have answered Buonaparte with proper temper and spirit on this and several other occasions. On the last time Sir Hudson saw him he was obliged to quit the room on account of Buonaparte's insulting language ; this event took place shortly after Sir Hudson came to the government. Sir Thomas Reade on the following day carried a message to him from the Governor, and intimated before he saw him, that it would be impossible for him to stand the same conduct he had practised to Sir Hudson. Buonaparte is said to have laughed heartily, desired him to be admitted, and talked to him with great coolness and good humour. Sir Thomas describes him as a sulky fellow, who is never thankful for any kindness which is shown him, and he says this is also the case with all his followers.

From Captain Blakeney I learned that it was not necessary, as is reported, that he should see Buonaparte every six hours. His orders only direct that he should ascertain the fact of his being present morning and evening prior to a signal being made to the Governor that 'all is well with respect to General Buonaparte ;' and this ceremony of seeing him is got over by his walking out, or this officer being satisfied that he is in his room, which I should imagine can only be done by having spies among his servants. Captain B. has charge of all the guard which surrounds Longwood in a circuit of four miles, in which range Buonaparte is allowed to go without his attendants ; but if he wishes to go out of these bounds Captain B. must be with him. In consequence of this regulation, he never goes out of the bounds, and during the last twelve months he has never mounted a horse. Captain Poppleton of the 53rd Regiment, who had charge of him formerly and to whom he usually applied the epithet of his Gaoler, was sixteen months with him ; he never once spoke to him, nor has he yet ever spoken to Captain Blakeney. The sentinels draw in at sunset from the circuit close round the house and withdraw again at daylight. I am told the first time he observed these

sentinels he was excessively enraged. The story of his having rode away from Captain Poppleton I found was true; in this instance he rode past the outer sentinels (who were punished) and ascended the top of Diana's peak, the highest in the island, being 2,697 feet, by a road which no one had ever attempted on horseback before. On being asked how he could think of riding in such places, he said, 'Where a man could go a horse might.' Had his horse, however, deviated in the slightest degree from the path, he must inevitably have been dashed to pieces; but he was ever a very desperate rider. The alarm was given on this occasion, but on the Captain's return he found him in his room.

At this period of his captivity he frequently rode out, both on horseback and in his carriage. He frequently took Lady Malcolm out with him; he is said to have been fond of her society on account of her speaking Italian. He is more fond of speaking Italian (which is his native language) than French; he understands English, but cannot pronounce it at all. In his walks he went frequently to visit the cottage of the Adjutant of the 53rd, on which occasions he never failed to poke about every corner and made many inquiries relative to the use of various articles which he met with. This gentleman was a married man. There was also a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had a pretty daughter whom Napoleon made frequent visits to, being a great admirer of the young lady's beauty; on this lady being married, he requested to see them both, and paid the husband many compliments on his valuable acquisition. Buonaparte is to-day forty-nine years of age; it is said he has only taken medicine three times in his life. He is said, notwithstanding, to entertain a high opinion of the faculty; he cures all his complaints with a warm bath.

The house at Longwood is low and small; but the place itself is, I think, superior in many respects to the Governor's at Plantation House. The timber for his new house has been reported in readiness to be put up, but he will not give Sir Hudson any answer with respect to his wishes on this head. The room in which we were received is described as a good one, but I candidly confess that I cannot give any opinion of it; my attention was otherwise directed. The other rooms which we saw were small. There is a long billiard room in front of the house, where, it is said, he walks up and down at least three hours of the day, and when the weather is fine he extends his walk as far as

the garden when all his staff attend him uncovered. He sometimes pays Madame Bertrand a visit and sits with her for some time. He employs the remainder of the day in reading and writing. It is still supposed that he is writing his life; indeed, it is certain, and that he has got through his Italian campaigns. It is supposed that it will never be published during his lifetime. He rises early, takes a cup of coffee, breakfasts between twelve and one, *à la fourchette*, and dines about eight; he spends a great deal of time in his bath.

It is even said that Buonaparte issues decrees among his followers, and that one of these was that the Countess Bertrand should not see him for fourteen days. This I cannot believe.

From Dr. O'Meara we learned that it is Buonaparte's wish to reside in Scotland, which he looks forward to when they begin to think less of his escape, which from this island he ridicules the idea of. Indeed it is asserted that one of the most rational conversations he has ever held with any person on the island was on this subject. His Memorial to the British Nation, which has been sent home, is said to be great trash; it is supposed to have been written by General Montholon. Of Dr. Warden's book, Buonaparte says that he is only a secondary character, and the Doctor the principal; he says that three-fourths of it are lies, the other true, but that at every page he could not help exclaiming, 'Voilà un fat!' ('There's a blockhead!') His opinions of the Chinese Embassy are said to be very good. He thinks Lord Amherst should have performed the Kotow, or ceremony of the Nine Prostrations; this opinion is said to have hurt Sir George Staunton, who was the means of its not being done.

Buonaparte's victualling bill for the last twelve months is said to have been 12,000*l*. While we were at the island nine shillings apiece were paid for ducks for his table. His provisions, and, I believe, wine, are sent daily to Longwood; his staff and servants are always attended by a soldier. I saw the Maitre d'Hôtel in town with a soldier close after him.

The foreign commissioners have never yet seen the ex-Emperor. They were all at the ball. Count Balmain, the Russian Commissioner, is a very handsome, genteel-looking man, and so is the Austrian; but the French, Count Montchenu, who has made Miss Betsy Balcombe's name so famous in the 'Courier,' is, without any exception, one of the most complete figures of fun that can be imagined.

Buonaparte is now as little the subject of conversation at

St. Helena as if he had long since ceased to exist. There are many inhabitants of the island who have never seen him; none of the officers of the 66th Regiment nor those of the flagship have ever seen him; nor has the Admiral himself, though six weeks at the island; nor has Lady Lowe ever been introduced to him.

Count Bertrand is styled Grand Marshal of the Palace. The parents of the Countess were Irish; she is said to be a relation of the present Lord Dillon. She speaks English very well and very prettily.

Poniatowsky, who is in England styled Count and Colonel, is allowed by everybody here to be a great blackguard and drunkard. Napoleon would not have anything to say to him, but that he might be styled Captain if it would do him any good. He is allowed by all parties to have been at the best a mere adventurer who expected to have made a good thing of coming to St. Helena; he was only a sous-lieutenant under Buonaparte. When ordered off the island, he wished to take leave of his master, who said he was busy and could not see him, but sent him a present of a few pieces of money.

Buonaparte one day observed a captain of the navy on his grounds looking at him; he immediately asked Bertrand who this was, and being told that he spoke French very well, and had been a prisoner in France, he thought it must be Captain Wallis of the *Podargus*, formerly first lieutenant with Captain Wright, who is supposed to have been murdered in the Temple. He instantly ordered that he should be sent off his grounds and never permitted to come there again. This, instead of being Captain Wallis, who was at the time forty miles to leeward of the island, proved to be Captain Shaw of the *Termagant*. Buonaparte complained to Sir Hudson, and said that Captain Wallis had insulted him and interrupted his walks, and begged that in future no one should be allowed to enter his grounds without permission. His remark on the occasion of his fancying this to be Captain Wallis was, that these were the means that the English took of securing him, sending all those characters to guard him.

The island of St. Helena is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles long,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  broad, and 23 miles in circumference. A small vessel is always cruising to windward, and also one to leeward, besides which guard boats row round the different parts of the island all night. A ship is also anchored off Lemon Valley, so that his escape from this rock of the ocean is quite impracticable and need never be dreaded.

## KOTTENKAMP'S WIDOW.

WHEN the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870, my father was a major-general in command of a cavalry brigade in Westphalia, and I a student at Bonn. I was barely seventeen, but determined to take part in the campaign, and sent a telegram to him, asking his permission to go, receiving in reply the words, 'Of course—blessing—father.' In twenty-four hours I had been accepted by the colonel of a hussar regiment as a gentleman cadet, or *Avantageur*, and, after taking part in an action or two, was commissioned a *Sekondelieutenant*, as a matter of course. The German heart, especially the Prussian part of it, was ablaze at the insult offered by the French ambassador to our good old king. Forced marches brought us in five days to the frontier. As each of our four squadrons crossed into French territory, the *Rittmeister*, as cavalry captains are called in Germany, halted his men, and in a short stirring speech told them what they had to do. Troopers swung their sabres, and shouted themselves hoarse. It was '*Vorwärts mit Gott für König und Vaterland!*' all along the line. We took our share of hard knocks under the command of Prince Frederick Charles before Metz, witnessed the mournful spectacle of the surrender, and then assisted for several days in transporting the prisoners from Metz to the great camp near the railway station at Ars-laquenexy, whence they were shipped to Germany by rail as fast as possible. A *Zug* of thirty troopers under a lieutenant turned out before daybreak every morning for this duty. A weary march of seven or eight miles over roads deep in mud brought us to the *rendez-vous*, to find five thousand prisoners, and, drawn up facing them, two companies (500 men) of our infantry, who, on our arrival, proceeded to load with ball cartridge. The infantry major was in command of the column. His men marched in Indian file on either side of the detachment of prisoners, while we brought up the rear, to prevent straggling, not an easy matter. As the French were dead beat with fatigue and half starved, while some of them were recovering from fever or dysentery, and others, having by some unknown means obtained access to the spirit stores, were drunk, it took us till sunset to get them to Ars-laquenexy. The poor fellows who had begun the

day's tramp laden not only with their heavy overcoats, but with cooking utensils and all the little appliances a French soldier carries into the field, had, worn out with the long march, thrown them away one by one, until at Ars-laquenexy the prisoners had none of their belongings left but the clothes they stood in. Then came for us a weary march back to our quarters, which we only reached long after midnight. After a few days of this, the great bulk of the army received marching orders. We were taken (my army corps and another) from the 'Red Prince,' whose army was destined to reinforce the one before Paris, and placed under the orders of General von Manteuffel, to hold in check the army *Faidherbe* was forming at Lille, of which great things were expected by the French. Before striking out northwards, *Manteuffel's* army marched through Metz by divisions, and I remember how astonished we all were at the size and strength of the works, which we saw could never have been taken by assault. General *Manteuffel* only retained the command a short time. He was too old for active service, and the 'First army,' as we were now called, was turned over to Count *Goeben*, whose statue in gun-metal adorns the park at Coblenze, a deserved tribute to one of the finest soldiers Prussia ever had. *Amiens* fell into our hands after a few days' fighting, and then Rouen, whence three flying columns were despatched by different routes to the channel coast. *Faidherbe* was at Lille, but that strong place and the others (*Douai*, *Arras*, and *Cambrai*) with which it forms the great quadrilateral, we let alone, satisfied with beating the French whenever they tried conclusions with us in the open. We were always marching and countermarching, and at that time few of us had the faintest idea of what these movements meant. They only became clear to us years later when *Goeben* and *Faidherbe* published their comments on the campaign. Our task, it appears, was to prevent the latter breaking through our lines, and falling on the rear of our army before Paris. This he once nearly succeeded in doing, at the time of the battle of Saint-Quentin, where *Goeben*, however, was too quick for him, and he was badly beaten.

It was at that time that the fortune of war took my squadron into a charming bit of country near *Amiens*. We were quartered in and around the *Château de Magny*, the property of one of the prettiest and most amiable of Frenchwomen, the *Marquise de Magny*, whose husband's family took their name from this estate. There was excellent stabling for our horses at the *château* and

in the villages of Magny-le-Grand and Fleurus, one a quarter of a mile, the other a mile from it. Of the four *Züge* that composed our squadron, one with the *Rittmeister*, old Breisewitz, and myself, was at the château; two, with Lieutenants Prince Ehrenberg and Von Breitenstein, were in quarters at Magny-le-Grand; and the fourth, Lieutenant von Seckendorf in command, at Fleurus, where, as this village was but two miles from the French advanced posts, there was also a company of infantry. In addition to the high road, a deep ravine connected Magny-le-Grand and Fleurus, extending beyond the latter village to within a mile of the enemy's advanced posts. The Somme divided the hostile armies, but we in the château and the villages were on the French side of that river, held out, as old Breisewitz said, on a silver salver to tempt the French to cross the Somme. The château was but half a mile from the river, crossed at that point by a wooden bridge with the posts supporting it sawn through, while a powdermine below completed the arrangements for its instant destruction. We sent patrols every two hours day and night up to the French enemy's outposts, with whom they often exchanged shots.

The Marquise was a delicate little creature with fair hair and a pair of bright blue eyes that always seemed to be laughing, even when she screwed up her lips tightly into the prettiest pout possible, and tried to look stern. Her hair, that defied control, fell over her forehead and almost into her eyes in a way that suggested a highly idealised Skye terrier. Her figure was perfectly proportioned, and her complexion of exquisite delicacy, a beauty rarely found in France. Married at twenty, her husband died within the year. She had one child, a little girl. Marguerite ('*La Princesse Margot*,' we had nicknamed her) was now eight years of age, and the apple of her eye; a small, graceful, winning, frolicsome creature, a pocket-edition of her mother, whom she strongly resembled in appearance and character. The establishment consisted of a housekeeper, old Prosper the butler, Julie, Madame's maid, the cook, and some men about the stables. The *cuisine* was excellent. Prosper put before us every day the best wines in the cellar, while Madame, and at luncheon her little daughter, kept us company. The châtelaine treated us more as honoured guests than as officers of the enemy's army quartered on her. We all enjoyed it very much except poor Seckendorf, whose quarters were too far from the house for him to leave his men to



join us at dinner. In another squadron of ours that occupied these excellent quarters some time before was a Lieutenant von Kottenkamp, a rather vain but extremely handsome, clever, and distinguished-looking young officer, who spoke French like a native, and who in appearance, with his dark eyes and short black moustache smartly turned up at the ends, greatly resembled a little French Marquis painted by Fragonard on a lady's fan. To Kottenkamp, a year or two younger than herself, the lady took a strong liking, and before he had been a week at the château he was head over heels in love with her. When he was ordered away, and another lieutenant, by no means as good-looking, took his place, it was supposed that the task of consoling the lady for Kottenkamp's absence would be a thankless one. This was not the case. She smiled as sweetly on the newcomer as she had on him who had gone, and when the new man was in turn succeeded by a third, the same phenomenon was observed. When No. 3 yielded the *pas* to No. 4, the latter seemed to inherit all the good fortune of his predecessors. Kottenkamp, however, outranked the others in her affections by seniority, as it were, and she was always known in the regiment as 'Kottenkamp's widow.' That young man seemed to take the situation quite calmly, and never displayed the slightest signs of jealousy.

When I (No. 5) came under the spell, it was otherwise. I took the matter *au grand sérieux*, even to the extent of proposing marriage, and suffered untold pangs if any one paid court to her. At first she laughed at me, but in a few days seemed to think my offer not unworthy of consideration; and, for my own part, the fact that she was quite ten years older than I in no wise changed the colour of my resolution. I had a fair field. The marked preference she showed for me sent the little Prince and Breitenstein into the billiard-room half an hour after dinner, whither old Breisewitz also betook himself to watch them play and swallow countless goblets of mulled claret.

The charm of our delightful *tête-à-tête* goes without saying, but it was too exquisite to last. One morning the Marquise tripped up to Breisewitz and myself as we sat in the breakfast room sipping our *café au lait*, and held out a letter. It was from her lawyer at Lille. Important business relating to her property there demanded her immediate presence. She drove that afternoon to Amiens to obtain from our General a pass through the lines, and, returning at dusk, announced her departure for Lille

the next morning. Never had she appeared more gracious and amiable as hostess than that day at dinner, which I thought would never end, and was glad when old Prosper appeared with the coffee, and Breisewitz and the others went upstairs to their everlasting billiards.

As soon as we were alone I drew a low stool close to her chair, and, taking her slim white hand in mine, poured into her ear a succession of those well-worn platitudes that seem so full of meaning to us at the time we utter them. I cannot recall—and there is unalloyed pleasure in the thought—a hundredth part of the nonsense I talked that night. My wife in the sight of heaven, she should be so after the war in the sight of men. My father could not refuse the prayer of a son who came back to him with the cross of iron and the credit attaching to honourable mention in general orders.

Letting her hands rest on my shoulders, she told me that she too saw but one path in life, the one she would travel at my side. My country should be her country, my people her people, and so on. She only made one stipulation—that she be allowed to come to France for a six weeks' visit every second year. Rising, she went to the piano, and after preluding a moment, broke off into a charming little *valse* of her own composition. I do not know its real name, nor am I sure it had one, but as she always played it when she and one of her adorers were about to part, it was known in the regiment as '*La Valse des Adieux*.' Kottenkamp had heard it, and so had the other fellow, and the one that came after him; but, pshaw! what was the use of going into that? It was being played for me—for *me* alone—and the sounds seemed to get into the marrow of my bones and mingle with it.

Not until the small hours did my charmer and I separate. Taking a tiny watch from her belt she glanced at it. '*Mon ami*, it is sweet to listen to you, but the journey to Lille is long, and I but a poor weak little woman. *Au revoir!*' Her head rested on my shoulder an instant while our lips met, when, breaking from me before I realised what had happened, she was gone. I drew an arm-chair to the window and lighted a final cigar, watching the bivouac fires beyond Fleurus, where our *Feldwache* lay to their arms. I was happy.

The next morning I rode next her carriage on its way to the French lines, taking with me a trumpeter and a sergeant carrying a white handkerchief tied to the end of a lance as a flag of truce.

A staff officer of the French met her at their outposts. He turned out to be an old acquaintance, as she told me, and I looked at him with envious eyes as he took my place beside the carriage and trotted along, chatting with her on their way to the *quartier général*.

We dined a little earlier that night at the château, but a game at cards, baccarat or *Macao*, as the Germans and Italians call it, kept us up till past midnight. A long ride in cold weather and a couple of bottles of wine at the end of it are worth all the sleeping potions in the world, and my head hardly touched the pillow that night before I was asleep. I must have slept three or four hours when I found myself sitting bolt upright in bed. One, two, three shots fired in rapid succession not a quarter of a mile from the house, and then a volley. The sounds seemed to come from the direction of Magny-le-Grand. In an instant I had sprung out of bed to light candles and tumble into my clothes. Running to the door I stumbled against my *Bursche*, Max, only half dressed, carrying my sword in one hand and my boots in the other. His eyes were starting out of his head.

'Herr Lieutenant—sie kommen!' he gasped.

'Who's coming, idiot?' I asked.

'Die Franzosen, Herr Lieutenant, die Franzosen!'

'Well, let them come,' said I, a little angrily, to steady him.

'Aren't we ready for them, you donkey?'

By this time the whole château was in an uproar; lights flew from room to room, and there was a great rushing of feet on the stairways. Through the open door I caught a glimpse of old Breisewitz plunging down the stairs four at a time, while making frantic efforts to buckle his sword-belt. I rushed after him, followed by Max with a lantern. We made straight for the stables, and lost no time in getting out my horses. The court-yard was full of our men. Some of the troopers had saddled in such mad haste that they mounted without waiting to fasten the girths. Two troopers stood by the great gates ready to swing them back when Breisewitz should give the signal. The old *Rittmeister* was soon in the saddle, and, drawing his sword as soon as all was ready, gave the word. The gates swung back on their hinges and we streamed out to gallop at headlong speed, with sabres drawn, towards the *Alarmplatz*, the place always settled upon when Prussians in time of war go into quarters, and where they are to assemble in case of any sudden emergency or surprise. I do not

think more than three or four minutes elapsed after I heard the first shots before we were out of the château.

The *Alarmplatz* was in our case a little meadow, halfway between Magny-le-Grand and Fleurus. The firing had steadily increased until now the roll of musketry was continuous. As we approached Magny-le-Grand, a lurid glare and heavy volumes of smoke hanging above the place showed us that the village was on fire in a dozen places.

What had happened was that the major in command at Fleurus and our people at Magny-le-Grand had neglected to post sentries near the deep ravine that connected the two places and extended beyond Fleurus towards the French lines. A column of *chasseurs à pied* had taken advantage of this to creep through the ravine past Fleurus and into Magny-le-Grand, which they reached unobserved at three o'clock in the morning. The first intimation our men had of the presence of the enemy was to find themselves surrounded. The surprise was so complete that few of the Hussars in the village were able to get out their horses. Of those that did, the majority were shot down in the attempt to escape, among them Breitenstein, struck down by a bullet as he charged the big ditch that bordered the village on the side nearest the château. As Breisewitz and myself with our men skirted the village, although the night was dark, it was there as bright as day. Lights in every window; and through the red smoke we saw shadowy figures of mounted men flying along the single street, while from the houses and both sides of the ravine a withering fire was kept up on the Hussars as they ran the gauntlet. Now a horse, now a rider sank beneath the volleys, and fell only to be struck again and again. Some of the bodies we afterwards took up for burial had as many as a dozen bullet-holes in them, and on a pile of dirty straw we found the body of the little Prince pierced with sixteen bayonet thrusts. Of the pattering bullets some fell into our ranks, but there were only one or two slight casualties as we dashed on to the meadow where Seckendorf's *Zug* was drawn up awaiting us, together with a few of the Hussars who had escaped from Magny-le-Grand. The roll was hastily called. Of the two *Züge* in Magny half the men were missing.

We were now a hundred sabres strong, and as Seckendorf told us the infantry from Fleurus was on the march to join us, we formed in line and advanced at a walk in the direction of the ravine. Here we made some men dismount, who opened fire from

their carbines on the French, but the latter were in force, and their cover was too good for us to do them much injury. It was for us a losing game, and we were glad to leave it. The infantry from Fleurus now came up, as well as another body of infantry from villages to our left. These deployed in the fields on both sides of Magny, and the attack began in earnest, while we waited until the French should be driven to the open in order to try a charge. A tremendous rumbling on our right caused us to glance in that direction, and we saw rapidly approaching across the fields a section of horse artillery; the animals at a tearing gallop, the guns leaping and bounding over the frozen mounds as if they were alive. In an instant the section halted, and the guns were unlimbered, at about eight hundred yards from Magny; in another a red glare was followed by a deafening report, and we heard the whizz of a shell that buried itself in the wall of a house and, exploding, shattered the débris in every direction. After half a dozen shots the fire of the French slackened in the village and became more active lower down the ravine. They were in full retreat. We formed in column of *Züge* and, circling around the village, swooped down on a small detachment separated from the rest who made no resistance. Our prisoners numbered three officers and fifty-seven men. We had trouble to keep the Hussars from sabreing them in revenge for the massacre of their comrades. We rode through the street at Magny, and a horrid sight it was, encumbered with the dead bodies of sixty or seventy men and horses. We hung on the rear of the French till they reached their lines, when cavalry and artillery came out to their support and we had to give it up.

We did not return to the château, but crossed the Somme, to find quarters in the villages beyond. That night we were 'alarmed,' and marched day and night for the next two days. Then came the battle of Saint Quentin, which so crippled Faidherbe that the campaign of the French in the north was at an end. We returned to the Somme, and I crossed it to have a look at my old quarters. Of the château and the villages not a trace. The inhabitants had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them up. '*Les camarades*,' the peasants told me, had been there, and now all was ruin and desolation. Soon there came the armistice, the harbinger of peace. I wrote several letters to Lucienne, some to Lille, some to an address in Paris she had given me. I received no reply. After being passed in

review by the Crown Prince Frederick, we marched back to Germany to receive the warmest welcome from those whose homes we had helped to defend. Though at first I grieved for loss of my love, I was very young, and time did its work, so that in a couple of years the recollection of her was a pleasure and not a pain. I never mentioned the subject to my father. Why should I? My castles in Spain had crumbled and could never be rebuilt!

Ten years after the war I was in St. Petersburg, where I made the acquaintance of the French military attaché, a M. de Bressonville, who had served in the campaign of 1870 as aide-de-camp to Faiderbe. We took a strong liking to each other, and one day it occurred to me to ask him if he knew Madame de Magny.

'The Marquise?' he inquired, with rather a queer look.

'Yes.'

He walked to the piano, opened it, and struck the opening chords of *La Valse des Adieux*. Turning, he fixed me with a questioning eye.

'You know it, I see. So you were one of the happy ones?'

My face flushed, and the tears sprang to my eyes.

'How dare you?' I began.

To my surprise he burst out laughing.

'*Mon ami*, she was no more a Marquise than I am. She was in the *Bureau des Informations* of our army, a *spy*, if you care to put it that way. Faiderbe had a high opinion of her cleverness. You fellows were a mine of information, and if she made some sacrifices to obtain it, well, you know, patriotism is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins.'

JAMES PEMBERTON GRUND.

## CONFERENCES ON BOOKS AND MEN.

## VIII.

## A FURTHER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

*August 20th.*—The doctor declares that my fall has severely shaken the nervous system, and advises Switzerland; I can believe he is right. For one thing I find my friends' best stories irritating; for another I proved myself three days ago unequal to a very simple exploit. I was mounting to the lantern of Ely Cathedral with a verger, and our course lay above the roof of the choir. It looked like a frozen sea across which lay a single width of plank. I asked if the stone-work would bear me if I fell, and the verger had his doubts; but he protested there was no need to fall; I had only to walk the plank. The expression woke boyish memories of the 'Jolly Roger,' and I laughed and made a push to follow my leader; but after a yard or two I gave in ignominiously, explaining that I did not wish to fall through on to the choir pavement and desecrate the cathedral with my lacerated remains. The doctor has recommended the Bernese Oberland, and advises me to travel with a courier and a wit. I believe I may be able to induce X. to go. He tempers his wit with discretion and is better than any courier.

*23rd.*—X. will go and will get tickets, foreign money, &c., and telegraph for rooms. We are to meet on Friday night at Liverpool Street and travel by the Hook of Holland to avoid Paris.

*25th.*—How interesting the City is! I must really come to town more often. The very sight of so many people is exhilarating. At London Bridge station I saw a party of children returning from a country holiday, bringing their sheaves with them. Their mothers and elder sisters who had come to meet the train seemed divided in sympathy between the bundles of corn in their hands and the poor fragments of shoe-leather on their feet. In Threadneedle Street a delightful gypsy caravan was making its way among the civilised nineteenth-century traffic past the astonished statue of Mr. Peabody. At Liverpool Street books had to be bought for the journey. What a boon and a blessing to travellers are the sixpenny novels! Nobody would think of reading them, but they



quiet appetite. One used to have to pay six shillings for the same sedative. Between a guide-book, one's fellow-travellers, and the Dreyfus case, one can get through the longest journey. At last came X., bearing the hotel-keeper's reply to his telegram: 'Telephone to inquire before arriving.' What the dickens does the fellow mean?

26th.—A very quiet passage to 'the Hook.' We arrived in a fog. The lookout forward had but a small voice, and it caused us some dismay that the captain who steered found difficulty in hearing what he said. Above the elements, above the siren, we heard from time to time the captain's own voice raised in objuratory remonstrance. 'What does he say? Why the blank can't you speak so that I can hear?'

The journey to Basle was comfortable, as the train was not crowded, and the admirable system prevailed of allotting each passenger his seat. The meals were frequent and the waiters civil, and every quarter of an hour an old woman dusted the corridor. Hour by hour, however, the heat increased, and the poor *Kellners* travelled with ever limper pace, till by four o'clock they were all asleep. But, though they slept, the old woman went indefatigably on dusting the corridor. In future, whenever the heat is blinking, I shall see in imagination that automatic old person dusting and dusting.

I have at several stations to-day seen the Emperor of Germany upon the platform, which is extraordinary even for so ubiquitous a personage. I begin to suspect him of the trick Brer Terrapin played upon Brer Rabbit in Uncle Remus. I like the military bearing of all the guards and stationmasters and ticketsnippers: it gives one the sense of an escort. But I wish they would take a few more leaves at a time out of my Cook's budget, and 'leave me, leave me to repose.' This last man seems curiously excited, and is evidently saying things not put down for him in the guide-book. I wish X. had not chosen this particular five minutes to take a walk in the corridor. Finding me impervious to his German, the fellow discussed the same unto me in French. It seems there are two stations at Basle, and if we want the central, we are in the wrong part of the train. I really must learn German. I remember saying the same thing twenty years ago. But after all it is never too old to learn. Did not Cato learn Greek at eighty?

27th, Basle.—What different echoes the name raises in

different bosoms! It was this mystic name uttered by M. Bertulus that choked that poor reptile Major Henry. To many Englishmen it means a cold station where they miserably snatch a cup of coffee; or at most it means an hotel for the night. And yet the town has a minster and a fine river and a view and no end of associations with the good and great of Tudor days. Here was Froben's press—*apud inclytam Basileam*—where Erasmus printed his Greek Testament and Sir Thomas More his 'Utopia.' In the cathedral is Erasmus's tomb with a magniloquent inscription. The minster outrages one's sentiment by being built in red sandstone instead of the orthodox grey; and its restorer has carried the outrage beyond endurance by putting on a roof like a highly coloured wall-paper in a servant's bedroom of the early Victorian epoch. The arrangements within are more in accordance with Mr. Kensit's notions of the fitness of things ecclesiastical than prevails in our northern cathedrals.

28th.—Our journey onward from Basle was less comfortable because more crowded than it had been hitherto, but it was more fruitful in objects of contemplation. We were in the land of tourists, too many of whom seemed to have abandoned their manners with their native land. Two American ladies discussed at the top of their voices for hours the best sort of silk for a 'waist;' a German bride and bridegroom lay in each other's arms; at one point, where there had been a large clearance, a British matron entered with six daughters. So soon as the train had started, the matron made the not very subtle discovery that we were smoking, and further that it was a smoking compartment. Then she inquired individually of her daughters whether they objected to smoking, evidently expecting the answer 'Yes.' But they had more manners than their parent, and said 'No.' I wonder what the next move would have been if they had said 'Yes.' The whole proceeding was ridiculously English. Nature in English people abroad seems 'so careful of the type.'

I was hardly surprised when a Frenchman with whom I got into conversation asked me why English girls were all alike, though patriotism compelled me to retort that the same thing had struck me about French girls: which he thought curious. This Frenchman, I was glad to discover, was one of that slowly increasing band who think well of English institutions. He had read M. Demolin's book 'A quoi tient la

supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?' and asked me some intelligent questions. He was especially interested in the English zeal for travel. After explaining that he was no anti-Semite, he told me he had been much impressed with the theories of an Englishman he had met as to the Anglo-Saxons being the lost Israelitish tribes. He thought the two races had much in common—especially their immense vitality and perseverance and the desire to put their feet on the necks of other nations. Besides, he added, you are both Dreyfusard. He told me incidentally that our great excursion parties always reminded him of the preliminary visits paid to Egypt by the sons of Jacob, before they took possession of the land of Goshen. 'You would like Switzerland, would you not?' he asked naïvely. 'Ah,' he went on, 'you are becoming more imperial, or "jingo" as it is called, every day. I recall the time when a Cockney—that is, is it not, a tourist of Cook—was laughed at; you are all Cockneys now. And there are still other parties one meets—Lunnites and Polytechnics. I do not quite understand the *differentia* of these; but you will tell me if I am right—they correspond, do they not, to our clericals and materialists? I understand that Mr. Lunn, who organises the parties, is the Archbishop of Worcester.' I was a little vague myself about the people whom my French friend called Lunnites and Polytechnics; but I was charmed with his etymology of 'cockney,' and told him that our great poet, the divine William, had prophesied their multiplication. He says in *Twelfth Night*, 'I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.'

So far we had not been able to telephone to our hotel, and there had been many uneasy discussions as to registering the luggage through. But at Interlaken we were relieved to find that rooms were at our service, so that we made the ascent by the funicular with no mental anxiety to relieve the physical horror. The engineer of these clambering lifts has but just passed from the scene of his desecrations, so that it would be ill-timed to characterise him adversely. But if I were Rhadamanthus, I would see my way to something artistic in the way of retribution. My friend accused me of inconsistency for using what I so much disapproved of. But I explained that it is never safe to use ways of travel that are generally superseded, because the old skill is lost. It would be injudicious to travel by coach in England at the old pace, because roads now are worse and the drivers are out of practice. For the same reason I should distrust

a mule or a *chaise à porteurs* where a funicular railway had been long introduced. My aunt, with a lady's indifference to both logical principles and practical convenience, sends her luggage by the funicular, and travels herself by mule!

We arrived at our destination in the first chill of the evening. The great flaring electric light outside the hotel, falling upon buildings of an extravagantly *chalet* type, gave the impression of some scene in an Offenbach opera. Our host fell into his *rôle*, receiving us with tempered politeness, his hotel being full, and despatched us to the attics. I saw without surprise that the whole structure, including the staircase, was of pine wood, and I blessed my prescience for packing a rope ladder. The *portier* informed me later that this hotel had never yet been burned down, though the opposition establishment had; and comforted me with the further information that patrols walked all night both outside and in, and reported themselves to indicators every half-hour to make sure they were awake. The same authority laid it down that the cause of all the danger was the use of curling irons by the ladies. There should be a Swiss sumptuary law against their introduction. He hinted also at a male habit of smoking in bed; but I take this to have been mere hypothesis.

The first night at a *table d'hôte* in an hotel where you are making some stay has always a charm of its own. You know nothing of anybody, and so you make conjectures which usually turn out ridiculously wrong. The people for whom you fancy a distaste become presently your chief companions, and those who look the most interesting most commonly turn out vapid bores. There were said to be four hundred persons present 'feeding like one,' and the noise was polyglot. I was much struck with the orderliness of the serving. As each course was ready, a bell rang, and a long procession of maids emerged from the kitchen round a screen in a snake-like curve, and then separated to their proper tables. The meal itself was not remarkable, nor were my immediate neighbours. My *vis-à-vis*, on the other hand, was an American girl of extreme beauty, who sat with a sister. I was about to pass the *menu* across the table, by way of breaking the ice, when the beauty made a long arm, and took it with some energy. Thus ended my first Swiss romance—a very short story. For epilogue I added the lines from Matthew Arnold's 'Sick King:'

Though we take what we desire,  
We should not snatch it eagerly,

The two damsels kept up a whispered dialogue all through dinner, broken by great choruses of laughter. After dinner the ladies invaded the smoking-room, and the men were for the most part driven out upon the terrace. This, which I found afterwards to be the regular custom, was plainly in theory a compliment to the smoking sex; but in practice it had its inconveniences, for the room became overheated and noisy, while the very spacious drawing-room was deserted. However, towards nine o'clock the room cleared, and it became possible to get hold of a newspaper. The migration at this hour was, I soon learnt, to a Kursaal, where the band discoursed fairly good dance music. When I went across at ten, I found X. busy at a very rowdy set of kitchen lancers. He had broken his ice.

I went early to bed, feeling the fatigue of travel; but to go early to bed in a wooden Swiss hotel is not the way to go early to sleep; people came upstairs in batches and stood laughing and talking in the corridors; then door after door slammed; in the intervals between the batches the chambermaids jested with the 'boots.' Then my right-hand neighbour came up, and walked up and down his room apparently meditating; perhaps he was leaving early the next morning, for there was much opening and shutting of drawers and dragging about of portmanteaus. Presently there was peace on the right, and I hugged myself for joy that there was nothing but the roof overhead and perhaps an empty room to the left. But I had counted without my host. It could not have been long before through a light sleep I became aware of voices and laughter. They seemed strange and yet in a way familiar. I soon was roused enough to recognise them as the voices of my fair companions at dinner. The world must have been a very sunny place to these maidens, for their laughter seemed endless. Presently their voices took a higher range: they were quarrelling; now they were crying, or one of them was; I was rejoiced; if I was to be kept awake all night I would rather it should be by their tears than their laughter. But it proved but an April shower, and in five minutes they were laughing more than ever. What was I to do? Had my doctor sent me all these hundreds of miles from home, and all these thousands of feet above the sea, to soothe my nerves, and was my rest to be disturbed night after night by a couple of giggling girls, however pretty and American? I resolved to give them five minutes' grace, and then knock at the partition. They would not know who occupied the adjoining

room, and if they did! I resolved to give them ten minutes—a quarter of an hour. Then I knocked like a London footman.

29th.—After breakfast we went on the terrace and proceeded to make more experiments in the delicate art of opening acquaintance. The regular means to this for Englishmen is of course the weather, or an exchange of home newspapers; but the telescopes at this hotel were of much service. A man who got his glass upon a chamois on the Black Monk or a party ascending the Eiger would naturally exhibit his discovery. I made in this way the acquaintance of a bandit-looking gentleman, who proved to be a parson in mufti. But he explained the necessity he lay under of hiding his profession from the chaplain, if he was to enjoy his holiday without being asked to preach.

The first puzzle of interest for a newcomer in these big Swiss hotels is to discover the leader of fashion. Usually it is some wealthy American to whom the mere English congee and kotow. There seems, however, to be no especial star of fashion who sheds commanding influence, but a general galaxy or Milky Way of beauty and talent. Men are in the minority, as they are indeed in the macrocosm, but in less than their usual ratio, as our spot is notoriously not a good starting-place for climbing. But there are a few to keep us in countenance: I distinguish an Adonis, who I am told gets up *cotillons* and tennis tournaments; a young Hercules in the Omphale stage of development; a member of Parliament, several Q.C.'s, and an Inspector of Schools.

The weather is excellently bright and sunny, and as usual in bright weather I find the snow mountains disappointing. They look like huge chocolate puddings with sugar icing. But the air is exhilarating beyond words. I feel already like Marlowe's pampered jades of Asia, ready to do my twenty miles a day. X. has a great contempt for the Swiss mountains as mountains, holding that Snowdon which has passed from the glacier stage is far more venerable. And an American in the hotel has just asked me what is the good of them, as they contain neither gold, nor silver, nor iron, nor copper, nor coal.

31st.—The first exhilaration has worn off, and has been succeeded by depression as extreme. This also, I am told, is due to the rare tonic qualities of the air, and will not last long. I hope not. My sensations recall those of extreme youth after a private interview in the headmaster's study. This it is to be servile to all the skyey influences. I find a short promenade enough at present,

and take occasion to examine the local curiosities and works of art. All the men make cuckoo-clocks. All the girls sit about in the open air making *torchon* lace. They explain that it is their holidays. A party of Americans come by with a kodak and proceed to photograph me and the lace-makers. As they depart I hear them exclaim, 'What a cunning group—guess we rattled them a bit.' These are, I take it, the baser sort of Yankees. In front of the hotel is a lead statue of a Cupid pouring water from an urn. It is the custom for visitors to drink this water with gusto. 'I call this your *fine champagne*,' says an Englishman to the proprietor, who receives the dubious compliment with a bow and an acid smile. The statue stands opposite the window of the *bureau*, so that he has probably received many congratulations on his water since the fountain was erected. The *bureau* is in two compartments, both open to the full view of passers-by. In one sits the proprietor all day, except at meal times, counting up his money. In the other is his lady wife, who ought to be eating bread and honey; but she, I regret to say, is counting too. We say to ourselves as we pay our weekly bill, with extra charges for the electric light, the *Kursaal*, and a hundred other things, that this fury of attack upon our purses is because they know they have but a short time. But the weather is still splendid, and new arrivals come every day. To-day we have an Anglican bishop and three Roman priests.

*September 1st.*—Depression continues. I totter through the grounds to watch a tennis tournament. Some French boys play very creditably. Hercules proposes an ascent of the '—horn' to-morrow; but the ascent of the hotel staircase is at present as much as I can manage. My clerical acquaintance sits down by me in great distress. 'Have I seen the bishop? He is to stay over next Sunday. If only the chaplain had known he was a parson, he would have asked him to preach; and it is a great thing to preach before a bishop. You never know what may come of it. Now he had lost his chance.' I advised him to seek out the chaplain and explain matters; but he thought this would be indecent. Besides, now the bishop was here, the chaplain would want to preach himself. His only chance was to have been asked before the bishop came. 'And the moral,' I asked? 'Oh,' he said, 'you laymen are always looking for morals.'

It is the custom here for ladies to make tea with spirit-lamps in their private rooms, or else go picnicking to a 'Blumenthal.' To-day I joined such a party. The discomfort is no greater than that



of an ordinary picnic except for the ants, which abound. I make this remark to the wit of the party, who replies that he has found trouble from ants even at English picnics. In this valley there was a magnificent ant-run of some thirty feet between two ant-hills. The grass was entirely worn away by their passage to and fro. It all seemed very purposeless to the ignorant onlooker; but I dare say it was holiday season with them too, and they were being ordered from one heap to the other for change of air. In the evening, to revive my spirits, I went across to the Kursaal to watch the dancers. The road between the Kursaal and the hotel is lighted with electric light, and has—as I have already noted—the appearance of a stage. Paths wind down on to it, and people pass and talk, and every minute one expects the principal actor to trip on and bow and begin the real business of the play. The Kursaal is built with a long loggia in which many smokers sit to watch the dancing; and outside that again stands the many-headed, and passes his humorous comments. It is certainly very amusing to watch the various styles of dancing. By far the most graceful of the company is a very well preserved colonel; a naval lieutenant does all the work with his shoulders; the French boy skips down the room in half a dozen strides; a delightful old gentleman dances in what must have been the Georgian mode. Presently a middle-aged German couple sitting by my side in the loggia rise, take off their wraps, pass in, and without a smile or a word renew their youth. I was much affected by this tender idyll, and to hide my feelings went out for a while and off the stage into the shadows beyond. As I returned I saw a girl being carried swiftly and silently by a cloaked figure into a chalet. I was told she had fainted. But I could not help thinking of Mr. Wells's gruesome imagination in his 'Time Machine,' of the gnomes hurrying off with an occasional victim while the gay creatures affected to take no heed.

2nd.—The mountains are this morning covered with mist. At breakfast we each in turn feel our way to the ancient jest about 'missing the view,' and 'viewing the mist.' It serves as a variation on the chronicle of nightmares which seem to haunt the region. From time to time the mist breaks up and the peaks are seen in superb majesty. I resent my own first indifference, and meditate on Henry Vaughan's fine saying, 'Mists make but triumphs for the day.'

4th.—Many people have left, and we have new neighbours at meals. A French literary lady, who very much prided herself on

her English, asked me at lunch if I were *féministe*. The word seemed for the moment an imputation on my character of invalid, and I repeated it—' *Féministe?*' 'Oh, yes,' said my interlocutor, 'lady's man, who wants women to vote.' I hastened to say that, if all women were of her admirable intelligence, nothing would please me more. Poor lady! she is, I fear, driven to talk English because she has the misfortune to think Dreyfus innocent, and is given the cold shoulder by her compatriots here, one of whom yesterday at table expressed herself sorry at the maladroitness of Maitre Labori's assassination. 'It would have been one *canaille* the less.' Passing through the vestibule I chanced to overhear one of Hercules's compliments which pleased me. 'How long have you studied art?' he was saying to Omphale. 'Oh, ever since I was eight.' 'Oh, you mean then about eight years.' I heard also a small boy asking the *portier* whether there would be any avalanches to-day. The weather shows signs of clearing; at least the *portier* so reads the signs; and Hercules is arranging his deferred excursion. He is kind enough to make a point of my accompanying the party; he has already secured X.; he hints that after all one climbs with one's legs rather than with one's arms. (It is my arm that is *hors de combat*.) This strikes me as special pleading. My experience is that one's arm has a good deal of work on these occasions in carrying ladies' cloaks and helping them over slippery places. However, there is a point where a refusal becomes curmudgeonly, and I accept (subject to favourable weather) with a certain sinking of heart.

5th.—The weather at five o'clock is all that the *portier's* fancy had painted it. We breakfast in some excitement; such of us as have no alpenstocks of our own steal those of persons not yet up, and follow the diminutive guide supplied by the *portier* for the sake of the extra profit to himself. The ascent—some 4,000 feet—was long, but not difficult except at the top, where the shale gave way under one's feet; and the view certainly came up to Baedeker's description. Most of the incidents of the excursion were attributable to one lady of the party having elected to make the ascent in tennis-shoes. But I recall one conversation. A goat suddenly appeared from behind a rock and bleated miserably. 'Now do,' said the lady with whom I was walking, 'do look about for that poor creature's mother. I am quite sure that it has lost its mother. My maternal instincts convince me of that. I cannot go on and leave this poor creature here in this miserable

plight. It will quite spoil my day. I am sure, Mr. —, you would not mind running back a little way, and just looking if you can see any goats about. This poor thing is following us, and literally asking for our pity.' And sure enough it was bleating most uncomfortably. 'I do not care for human beings,' continued my companion. (I bowed.) 'They have other human beings to look after them; but dumb creatures find their way to my heart at once.' I had not too hastily fallen in with the suggestion that I should change our excursion into a goat-stalking expedition, because I had my own suspicions as to why the goat was unhappy. And luckily just at this point, turning a corner, we came on a chalet, where a girl was waiting for the goat, and at once began milking it vigorously.

It is the bounden duty of every party making this ascent to chronicle the feat in an album kept at the hotel, and to illustrate it with pictures or poems or humorous sallies, according to their bent and skill. Our achievement received a double celebration. The drawing I cannot reproduce. Of the *ballade* I have noted a couple of stanzas:

Up rose the sun, and by and by  
 Up rose the *portier*, and he  
 From door to door went solemnly  
 And knocked and knocked; and up rose we.  
 Our boots were nailed; our hearts were free;  
 Our alpenstocks as good as new;  
 Our guide almost too small to see:—  
 But Hercules has seen us through!

Four hours we walked; the sun in sky  
 Climbed as we climbed, and he and we  
 Grew very hot; in fancy's eye  
 Danced a *mirage* of cups of tea:  
 Four hours we walked most thirstily  
 O'er Alp and Thal, thro' shale and snow,  
 And wondered when the end would be:  
 But Hercules has seen us through.

7th.—Rain. The hotel this morning was thrown into consternation by the announcement that Esterhazy had arrived. He had spoken to no one, but sat in a retired corner, reading an immense pile of papers. 'No doubt the secret *dossier*,' I suggested. Esterhazy turned out to be an Italian officer, who was only slightly amused at being taken for such a celebrated character. 'Now if they had mistaken Esterhazy for me,' he said, 'I might have been more impressed.'

8th.—Rain. The hotel aneroid points steadily to 'Beau temps.' I asked the *portier* if the glass ever moved during the season. An Englishman of a commercial type came and tapped it and went off shaking his head, and saying he only understood Fahrenheit barometers. On these days of confinement to the hotel, my whole energies are spent in avoiding the M.P. I dare not enter the *fumoir* unless I hear him engaged in boring somebody else. Then I know the victim will not lightly escape, and I may be able to read the 'Times.' But my reading is broken by whiffs of his eloquence: 'Of course I told the Government'—'I said to Goschen'—'I said in my speech: "Wide as the right honourable gentleman's literary reputation undoubtedly is——"'

9th.—Rain. Nothing has been talked of all day but the probable verdict at Rennes. We had a telegram as soon as the news was known. 'Esterhazy' harangued us in the vestibule on its iniquity. 'La France doit être partagée comme la Pologne.' An American lady remarked to me that it was just like the Uhlan's cleverness to talk like that, or he would be certain to be lynched. She also remarked on the four nines in the date (9/9/99), and was sure it had something to do with the number of the Beast.

11th.—The glass is rising, but *en revanche* the rain is falling, and the place is damp. There is new snow on the heights, but here it alternates with sleet and rain. The mist continues to ascend from the valley, boiling up as if from a witches' cauldron on the Lyceum stage. How one longs for a human fire instead of these stoves! What says the poet?

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,  
Give a man a fire he can poke.

People are leaving fast. Two of my friends here, a charming American lady and her daughter, suddenly rose, said 'This is too *triste*,' packed their trunk, and were gone. If only it were possible to get a closed carriage, I would go too. The snow is beginning to fall heavily, so that to-morrow may perhaps be fine enough to start. Meanwhile there is nothing to do but keep warm and avoid the M.P.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

LITTLE ANNA MARK.<sup>1</sup>

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## THE CASTAWAYS.

AND had I, with the doubtful second sight of Eborra's witch mother, been able to see that which was approaching the Isle of San Juan, I might well have said to myself that malignant demons were following our trail.

But as it was I could not discern a certain small boat far out to sea—a boat which seemed to drift hither and thither, yet which notwithstanding progressed nearer and ever nearer to our island.

There were two men in it, one of them lying at full length in the bottom, with his face in the shadow of a thwart. He had his head turned away. His companion sat with one hand in his bosom. The other was laid occasionally on the tiller, from which it would drop off again in a moment. For the dull fiery glow from the slanting sun made the iron of the tiller-bar as hot as the bars of a grate, falling at the same time upon the prostrate man and turning a pair of large silver earrings into hoops of burning copper.

The man at the tiller looked down as his companion turned his head and moaned. He slid his hand into a locker, and drew from it a case bottle and a small cluster of bananas. Then he held the bottle up to the light, turning it upside down to see how much liquid remained in it. The wide neck was scarcely filled.

The next moment Captain Philip Stansfield, late of the *Corramantee* and of the Isle of the Winds, was supporting the head of Saul Mark on his knee and pouring the last drops of rum down his throat. He did not reserve so much as one drop for himself.

To all intents the man he now stooped to succour had been

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VOL. VII.—NO. 41, N.S.

dead. The slight movements he made from time to time were no more than the spasms of imminent rigor. But the strong liquid penetrated to the springs of life. The heavy eyelids were slowly upraised, life looked out of the bloodshot eyeballs. The soul of the man awoke and showed a moment like an evil beast at the mouth of his lair. Saul Mark recognised the face that was bent over him, and the faint semblance of a grin twitched his mouth downwards and to one side. 'Still a sea-mile to windward of hell, Philip!' he murmured, and closed his eyes with a singular gleam of triumph in them.

Captain Stansfield sighed and went on trying to force a piece of crumbled banana between the clenched teeth.

'Not yet,' he murmured; 'not yet. Death alone shall release me from my bond. I will pay the price, yes—to the uttermost farthing I will pay!'

And lifting his eyes, he saw black across the crimson arc of the sinking sun, very far away, the sierra of the Isle of San Juan de Porto Rico.

It was a week or two afterwards that the Lady Juanita Silveda, who had recovered from her brief indisposition, and now went out more than ever, ordered her carriage that she might take the air. With her went Anna, by reason of the sudden favour which had descended upon her. Indeed the Señora could not be parted from the girl, scarcely for an hour. A bedroom had been hastily thrown into her suite of apartments in the Commanderie, and the guards and cloaked gaunt officers from Old Spain swore under their breaths that Donna Juanita had suddenly gone mad. For they said it was easy to see that Don Nicholas had fallen over head and ears ('and that last is a long fall!' murmured Ramon Garcia, lieutenant of artillery) in love with the young English girl, whose eyes are like fire matches and whose skin like the rose-leaves of the huerta of Orihuela.

'Caramba, señores!' quoth Don Ramon, curling his moustachios, 'it is a shame that one shiny-pated old Commandante, with a fore-hold on him like the Port-of-Spain galleon, should monopolise the only two well-looking women in the plantation. Let them choose, sirs; let them choose. Trust a woman's eye for picking out a fine figure of a man!'

And with his conclusion Don Ramon swung the end of his cloak over his shoulder and about his mouth, according to the

fashion of the Murcians, who, being condemned to grill six months of the year in hell-fire heat and to shiver the other six in an icy Gehenna, use their cloaks indifferently to moderate the rigours of either.

There was also much jealousy among the officers concerning Will and myself. And many there were who, racked with fever and disappointment, fingered their daggers when they found themselves passed over in favour of a pair of heretics fresh from the chain-gang, whose only merit was that they knew something about the duties to which they had been appointed.

For, ready to our hands (and somewhat readier to Will's than to mine), we found a weaving-shed where Indians and half-breeds, negro slaves and mulatto freedmen, starving colonists and men too weak for the chain-gang wrought side by side in the weaving of the striped serapes, the thick-wetted ponchos, the gauzy mosquito nets, and the comforting Mexican blankets.

By virtue of the Commandante's favour Will was placed in charge of this, and, having appointed me for his lieutenant, he set about reorganising the whole after Umphray Spurway's model with his own quick decision.

Now in these new colonies there is no such thing as promotion by merit. Offices are given and taken with regard only to the amount of money or perquisite which is attached or attachable to them. So that a sea captain will manage a gold mine or superintend a mint, take charge of a Government printing-press or start a sugar plantation with equal readiness, being noways concerned at any present ignorance of his duties, but having only a single eye to any plunder which might reasonably stick to his fingers.

So that when Will dispossessed the incapable superintendent of the Porto Rico cloth-weaving (a distinguished 'sangrado' or island doctor), he naturally made a bitter enemy—or rather many. For every holder of a comfortable sinecure feared that one or other of these pushing irrepressible English would supersede him, and divert the plunder from donnish breech-pockets into those of the King of Spain.

But Eborra and his mother, by using their great influence among the blacks and Indian half-breeds, kept us informed of the plots to assassinate us as we passed through the forest. So that when the masked bravoes sprang from the bushes, Albacete knife in one hand, cloak wrapped about the other arm, we were ready for them with our swords bare in our hands, and hastened towards our



assailants with loud cries. These incontinently turned tail and vanished, even on one occasion plunging into thickets of prickly pear in their desperation.

A pistol-shot out of the wood was a more dangerous incident, and this became almost a feature of our pilgrimages, till, consulting the Commandante, we obtained two men as escort; so with great bell-mouthed muskets loaded with slugs, we marched to and fro, the muzzle of each piece laid affectionately over the shoulder of a Spanish soldier. In this manner we had peace, and the weaving prospered in our hands. Every Sunday we went to the Convent to see my mother and to do what offices of kindness we might to the poor fellows of the chain-gang who had once been our comrades.

But I began to tell of Donna Juanita's excursion to take the air. Anna went with her, still wearing her fringed Indian hunting dress, which she found exceedingly convenient. And in beaded leggings, fringed skirt of tanned doeskin, quilled blouse pearly with silver buttons of Potosi, and close-fitting cap daintily feathered, who but Anna Mark 'was a sight for sore eyes,' as the saying is at Moreham? The soldiers at the fort watched for her, hollow-eyed with fever, and shook as they waited. The negroes worshipped her as though she had been a divinity. The Commandante walked beside her with his hat in his hand, and, marvel of marvels, the Lady Juanita seemed more fond of her than of any other, so much so that it was almost impossible to find them separate by night or day.

I know not what tale the Lady Juanita had told to account for her own transportation across the seas. I have never asked Anna from that day to this. Probably it was some invention of capture by pirates at sea, or kidnapping at home, such as would appear the more credible in that it had been our own fate. At all events Anna, willing though not rejoiced to be claimed as a daughter by this handsome and powerful lady, endured many caresses in the hope that thus one day she might be able to bring us all safe back to our native land.

But this thought had to be severely concealed from the Lady Juanita, who, naturally enough, had no intention of revisiting Scotland.

'Two years, Anna,' she would say, 'and with our economies we shall be able to return to Old Spain. Nicholas has promised it. We shall see the glories of the King's Court. I shall have my

carriage repainted, and a new coat-of-arms blazoned. Nicholas will receive the order of the Golden Fleece. I have heard that the King himself has expressed a desire to see me. He likes fine women, so they say. You as my—my younger sister shall accompany me. We will marry you to a grandee of Spain. You shall have a winter house in Madrid, a summer villa on the mountains—at La Granja where the Court goes. Nicholas is rich. We have no children. All he has shall be yours and mine. If anything should happen to him—well, who knows?—I may marry again. The Spanish rave about women of my complexion.'

To all this Anna listened without remonstrance or making of objection. For as she said to me afterwards, when I spoke to her about marriage with a grandee of Spain :

'No, I did not refuse. For, you know well, Spain is so far on the road home, and if we can get a passage thither and means to make Umphray acquainted with our case, we shall all yet see the Miln House again and hear the water lashing over the weir.'

For as all may see, Anna had an old head on young shoulders and no idea of bartering the shadow for the substance. So long therefore as the particular grandee abode in the background, she was quite willing that her mother should talk as much as she pleased about marriage in the abstract. All the same I knew she had no idea of marrying any Spaniard, prince or beggar. About that I gave myself no concern whatsoever.

It was talking in this fashion that Anna and her mother rode forth towards the new road on which the gangs of half-naked men were still at work, their chains glinting and tinkling while the cracking of the drivers' whips resounded from one end of the busy ant-heap to the other.

As the carriage drove up in the red glow of the afternoon the outriders were suddenly stopped by some obstruction on the highway. Voices cried confusedly, and whips smacked as the negro gang-masters strove to clear the road for the wife of the Commandante. Juanita looked out of the belly of the coach. She was in a good humour. She had that very moment married Anna to a prince of the blood and settled Don Nicholas under a marble monument as heavy as a church.

'Ah, a poor man fallen down ! It is those accursed chains in the heat of the day. It is cruel indeed ! But why people will not worship in the fashion of the country when they live in a country, I cannot understand. Stand out of the way there,

fellow! Your hand, Anna. I will descend—I will descend! Bring the strong spirit with you: we will revive the poor man. Take your black haunches out of a lady's way, will you?’

And so with loud humoursome authority she caused a way to be cleared. In a moment more Anna found herself looking at two men chained even as we had been—one was grey of head, the other black. One was elder and the other younger, but both were equally gaunt and haggard and naked, even to the iron rings about their waists. The elder had the head of the younger on his knee at the moment when the two women came up. The younger opened his eyes.

‘Let me go,’ he murmured. ‘Why do you torment me? Let me go to my own place! You are a devil!’

And the elder answered him with a terrible grimace of hate: ‘I will never let you go. Death itself shall not release you. I will haunt you, follow you, live with you. You shall not die, but live on chained to the man you wronged. Philip Stansfield, my debt is not yet half paid!’

But the younger man had again fainted.

Then, even as Lot's wife stood above the gate of Sodom, slowly chilling from warm throbbing flesh and blood into a pillar of salt, so stilled and stiffened to breathing stone stood the Lady Juanita. At the first opening of the press she had gazed with growing horror on that which lay before her. The silver rings in the ears of the grey-headed man fascinated her. She could not pluck her eyes from them.

Her lips moved, or rather her jaw.

‘What—what—what?’ she gasped, as if her voice had spoken of itself without impulse of her will.

The man with the silver rings lifted his head. The surprise must have been even greater to him than to the woman. Yet he manifested no smallest wonder. Not a quiver passed over his brown wrinkled countenance.

‘Ah, joe Janet!’ was all he said.

And though the woman stood there richly dressed, and the man before her was chained and wellnigh naked, the tones were those of a master who speaks to a slave. Then he seemed to recall himself to the case of his companion.

‘A happy reunion!’ he said, while the crowd of blacks and soldiers stood and gaped, partly at the foreign tongue and partly at the ladies. ‘Philip must not miss this—I will wake him!’

And stooping down he bit his companion's ear till it bled, as calmly as a priest who gives the sign of absolution.

A whip cracked and the lash hissed across the naked back of the man with the silver rings. It was Eborra, who stood before them quivering with anger.

'Let the Captain alone!' he cried. 'Let him alone, Saul Mark.'

Saul Mark raised his head and looked at Eborra.

'Ah, Yellow Jack!' he said calmly; 'well, the wheel has turned once, it may turn again! I shall not forget.'

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## CHAPTER XLV.

### SAUL MARK'S WHISPER.

BUT the savage *reveillé* had been successful. Philip Stansfield slowly rose to a sitting posture. His eyes, glazed and sunken, gazed about, at first vaguely, then with growing terror and comprehension. The Lady Juanita stood still, as if carved in marble, her hands gripping each other convulsively. Anna had passed an arm about her mother and now half supported the elder woman, looking, as she did so, like a tall young Dian in her hunting skirt of fringed and beaded skins.

Saul Mark watched his comrade's face with a certain grim and malicious pleasure, laughing a little as he did so.

'Janet—Janet Mark!' ejaculated the revived man, panting and gasping in his turn, even as the woman had done. And for the time could say no more, but sat up, staring wildly as though he had seen a spectre.

'Journeys end in lovers' meeting!' The words seemed to burn and smoke like acid that is poured on copper. 'Philip Stansfield and his paramour—kiss one another—embrace! Is all forgotten between you? Have ye found other mates? Fie, fie, thus to deny each other, who sinned together! Think of the blood shed for that cause! Consider—'

But he got no farther. For there in the midst stood forth the woman whom his presence had affected with such deadly terror. But now she was no longer the Lady Juanita Silveda. She was Janet Mark the felon.

'Aye,' she cried, 'I bid you consider the blood shed—and who

shed it? You, Saul Mark, drop by drop! The guilt may be mine and his. That I deny not. But, before God the Judge, the bloodshedding was yours first and last. By your suggestion and compelling I sinned and fell. I suffered for your crime. And he—he——'

She paused as if at a loss for words. Saul Mark laughed a low cackling laugh, nodding his head at the same time. He had crossed his legs under him and sat upon his feet, the chains that were upon him stretched to their utmost, looking like some hideous malignant idol of the Orient.

'What of him, aye? What of him?' he chuckled. 'Are Philip Stansfield's sins mine too?'

'Aye, by God's great name, are they, Saul Mark!' she cried. 'Yours—yours—yours!'

'You are generous with other people's sins, Janet,' said Saul Mark, calmly; 'pray keep one or two for yourself lest you grow lonely in your old age!'

But she went on, her voice rising with every word till it rang out into a shriek, as she pointed with her finger at Saul Mark, the man who was still her husband. Then Captain Stansfield raised his head and said, speaking very quietly, 'Janet, the greater sin is ours alone. Let us endure the rest! Be silent—as I have been!'

There was a sudden commotion on the other side of the widening circle. Most of the men had shrunk away, fearing they knew not what. Perhaps the foreign tongue used in anger had a strange sound to them.

And there through the gap could be seen the Abbot of San Juan de Brozas and the Grand Inquisitor sitting upon their mules, listening—the Abbot dark, stern, and inscrutable as ever, the man of the Holy Office with his head inclined bird-like to catch every word.

'Your servant!' said the latter, bowing. 'My lady, are these more friends of yours? You are most fortunate in friends. Providence is indeed kind to you.'

He turned to Saul Mark.

'And you, my friend, are you also from Scotland and of the Scottish persuasion in religion?'

'I am indeed from Scotland,' said Saul, rising to his feet respectfully, and speaking in admirable Spanish so that all might understand; 'but I am a humble follower of the true and ancient

faith. I claim your protection, most reverend fathers. In this cause I have suffered much.'

'By what sign shall we know that you speak the truth, my son?' said the Grand Inquisitor cunningly.

'By two infallible proofs,' answered Saul with readiness; 'by this that I shall show you in my hand, and by the word which I shall whisper in your ear.'

He slid down his hand and fumbled in the dirty breech-clout, which alone clad him sparsely about the loins. Then he held up a rosary, at the end of which swung a cross and a small golden reliquary.

'This I have carried with me ever since at Rome, at the tombs of the apostles, the Holy Father himself delivered to me this blessed relic of Saint James the Martyr!'

He gave the chain and box into the Abbot's hand, who received it with lowly reverence, crossing himself and commending himself to the saints, and especially to Saint James the blessed proto-martyr.

With trembling fingers he opened the box and glanced within. A folded letter lay on top, written upon a sheet of vellum fine as a butterfly's wing. The Grand Inquisitor almost snatched it in his eagerness.

'It is true—it is genuine,' he cried; 'this is the Holy Father's own hand and rubication. I have seen it in the Holy Office at Madrid, commanding to greater diligence in the burning of heretics. Blessed—blessed—most blessed—the attestation in Latin, and all most complete! How came you by this great marvel?'

'I am a rude and unlearned man,' said Saul with a low bow, 'but it was my lot to receive it for a service I did the Holy Father. I have kept it till now. I have been in peril of great waters, in fear of my life among cruel pirates and deadly heretics. But now, most revered fathers, I give you this blessed reliquary that you may keep it in the church of your noble Abbey. I am not worthy to be the custodian of such a treasure. It is yours!'

The Abbot fairly blushed with pleasure.

'It will make us as celebrated as Compostella,' he said; 'we shall have pilgrimages from all the world to this my Abbey of Saint John of Brozas. We will rename it. Saint James shall it be—the Very Completely to be Venerated Santiago de Brozas!'

'So rare a relic would be wasted here,' said the Grand Inquisitor, suavely, balancing the golden casket in his hand; 'I will take it back to the King of Spain at Madrid, and for it he will make me Abbot of Poblet. I have always desired that post—their Priorato wine is so good. And for such a treasure even Poblet were not too much to bestow.'

During this colloquy Anna had conveyed the Lady Juanita to her carriage, where now she sat, pale and inert, leaning back among the cushions like one who has had a deadly stroke. At this moment the Commandante rode up hastily. He had too long been out of sight of Juanita and Anna. So he came at the gallop, riding like one of the sons of Jehu.

He caught sight of the golden box and Saul Mark standing erect. The heads of the monks were very close together. In an instant he had grasped the situation, or at least part of it. Treasure had been found on one of the castaways who last had recruited the chain-gang. The black ravens of Brozas had swooped upon it. The Captain of Spain bore them naturally no good will. The gold box was his—it contained jewels of price, most like. He would soon show these clerks who was master on the Island of Saint John of Porto Rico—whether they or he, Nicholas Silveda, Commandante in the service of his Most Catholic Majesty Ferdinand, King of all the Spains.

'Give it here,' he cried; 'all treasure is the prerogative of his Majesty King Ferdinand. I claim that which is found, whatever it may be, as his alone!'

'Excellency,' said the Inquisitor, with deference, 'this is not found treasure. It is a gift to Holy Church, being a box containing the blessed parings of the great-toe nails of a martyr. Such even the King himself could not claim even were he here in person!'

'The box is gold: I claim that!' cried the Commandante truculently.

'The box is the gift of the Holy Father, the successor of Peter,' said the priest. 'It cannot be separated from the blessed relics it enshrines!'

'Deliver it, or I will take it by force!' cried the officer fiercely. For in his heart he hated and feared the rival authorities of the monastery. 'Forward there, men! Seize them!'

The two priests put their hands to their sides swiftly as a horseman draws a pistol from his holster. And the next moment



a crucifix was in each right hand. They held it towards the Commandante and his soldiers, who shrank back as they would not have done from the muzzles of hostile guns.

'Dare to lay a hand on the priests of the Lord!' cried the Abbot, towering above them all on his white mule, 'and we will wither the blasphemous fingers and deliver to eternal fire the soul of the desecrator! By these relics of the blessed protomartyr James we swear it!'

And so for a space they remained thus, daring the powers military to come on. The Commandante was speechless with wrath, but looking about he saw well enough that his men would not obey him nor yet seize these headstrong sons of the Church.

'I shall not forget this,' he said, turning away.

'Do not!' returned the Inquisitor gently; 'I pray that you will remember. Let it be a lesson to you, my son.'

The churchmen were riding off together when Saul Mark, seeing himself forsaken, cried out to them: 'Have pity, deliver me! They will wreak their vengeance on me. Take me with you, reverend fathers in God! Do not forsake me who did this thing for your sakes!'

But the Abbot and the Inquisitor seemed not to hear.

They had obtained all they cared about, and what mattered a naked man in the chain-gang? The reliquary was a reliquary, authenticated by the Holy Father—or at least well enough documented for their purpose. But most likely the man was a pirate, and got the thing at the sacking of some town of good Catholics, or, mayhap, from a plundered galleon laden with racks and thumb-screws and suchlike blessed machinery for the propagation of the faith. Let him abide. If he were indeed a just man, God would reward him. They would leave the matter to Him.

Then Saul Mark, seeing himself deserted and growing afraid, cried aloud, 'The secret—the secret! I have a secret that will make you and your church richer than Kings of Castile and Aragon—wealthier than the mines of Potosi. I swear it. Deliver me and I will reveal the secret.'

They turned about and consulted. Saul cried aloud again with even greater vehemence:

'Save me—deliver me! I swear I have the secret—I and only I!'

The Abbot and the Jesuit came slowly back. Saul stood eagerly waiting, his eyes flaming and the perspiration running down from

his finger-tips. They bent their ears and he whispered long. The look of unbelief with which they began gradually merged into a growing surprise. Then awe took its place, and lastly they cried out a simultaneous question: 'Where is it? Tell us where?'

Then a cunning look passed over the face of Saul Mark. He was not a second time going to give something for nothing.

*'Only I can guide you thither!'* he said aloud.

Then in a few moments they bade cast him loose, and he begged that the companion, whom he loved and could not be separated from night nor day, might go with him. This also was allowed. As the two passed the carriage of the Governor's lady, Saul Mark spoke a word, loud enough to be heard within.

*'Do not fear,'* he said; *'I will not shorten my pleasure by revealing your secret. Our loving service to you, jo Janet! Sleep sound to-night. Old friends are near!'*

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE SAN ESTÉBAN.

AND in this matter Saul Mark was as good as his word. Interrogated in private by the Grand Inquisitor as to how he came to know the Lady Juanita Silveda, he declared that Scotland was a small country, the shank-bone of a larger and richer England. His companion and he had heard of the dignified and distinguished family to which the Lady Juanita belonged, and of their sorrow at her disappearance while on a voyage to claim an estate in the western plantations.

But the Donna had seemed overcome? Well, so much was to be expected, hearing for the first time for years news of her bereft family.

Thus Saul told his tale, and ever as he did so he turned to his companion as if to receive his corroboration, and it was somewhat wearily and with a certain haughty pride that Captain Stansfield assented.

It was about this time that the rivalry which had long existed between the ecclesiastical settlement of San Juan de Brozas and the town and military post of Porto Rico began to resolve itself

into mutual courtesies and most punctilious amity. In order to appease the mind of the Commandante, still seething and working yeastily after storm in the matter of the reliquary, a suit of marvellously chased and damascened armour was sent him with the compliments of the Grand Inquisitor, and the hope that it might fit the body of the present brave and worthy representative of the King of the Spains in these islands. It had belonged to a knight whose body, when last seen, had been wrapped about in a well-fitting sheet of flame, provided for the purpose by the Holy Office of Mother Church. He had, therefore, no further use for armour, having, as a heretic, presumably gone where plate-mail can afford but little protection.

But this, in his note of benefaction, the Grand Inquisitor did not mention. It was not pertinent to the giving and receiving of a present between a dignified churchman and a loyal soldier of Holy Church *in partibus*. Anon (so ran the accompanying missive) the Abbot would ride over on his mule with a train of monks and the Grand Inquisitor require the pleasure of the company of Commandante Nicholas and his noble lady at his next festa in the great square. For now by great efforts the road was finished, so that the Donna Juanita could the more easily drive thither.

After a day or two Eborra brought us word that Saul Mark, and Captain Stansfield with him, were allowed their full liberty in the monastery of San Juan de Brozas. They occupied one room, and some of the negro guards had heard the man with the silver ear-rings laughing aloud during the night 'like the bird which laughs in the woods where no man is!' (So they expressed it.) And they were afraid, for it sounded like a devil triumphing.

During the day Captain Stansfield walked silently up and down the quadrangle of the monastery or read books from the library. He spoke little and ate but sparingly. A sentinel with a loaded musket continually followed him. Saul Mark, on the other hand, did not appear to be watched at all. He went everywhere about the settlement, and a table was kept for his use near the apartments of the Grand Inquisitor. Here, under the shade of a vine-clad arbour, with papers, ink-horns, and charts scattered about him, Saul sat drawing many days and often all day long.

As for Anna I saw little of her during these days. But by means of Eborra and his witch mother we managed to exchange greetings every morning. She was well—so came the news. She

had found my mother busy with her broidering among the kind sisters, when last the Lady Juanita had driven over to the nunnery. The Donna was kinder to her than ever, but, for fear of Saul Mark, never allowed the girl out of her sight for a moment during the day. Even at night she would come to the door of her chamber half-a-dozen times—so that Anna was compelled to write to us on scraps of paper, and hide them under her pillow when she heard her mother coming.

I could well understand Janet Mark's reason for keeping her child in sight while so dangerous a man as Saul Mark was close at hand, and with allies so powerful as the Abbot and the Grand Inquisitor. But because of these precautions I could not very readily communicate to Anna, which was a grief to me.

Meanwhile Will and I laboured on in our moist, hot weaving-shed, having however matters pretty much our own way, so being that we turned out enough cloth for the soldiers and also for the galleon, which was to stop here on its way to Port of Spain, bringing wool and taking webs of cloth, as well as forming the main channel of communication between our Commandante and his superiors.

But we soon became aware that great preparations were being made for some distant expedition. The *San Estéban*, the single ship of any size in the port, was being scraped and cleaned down without and within. Will and I used to slip down at nights, when the moon was at the full, to see her masts stand up tall and sharp against the sky. All was still and beautiful, the moon hardly shining so much as glowing with a whitish-green illumination up in the black sky. The fireflies glinted blue among the branches of the orange trees, and the glowworms jetted fire at our feet. We watched these darting lamps alighting near their mates, the tiny fires first brightening, then dulling, last of all being obscured as the insects consummated their love affairs. All which interested us much.

On board the *San Estéban* we could hear a sound of hammering, and sometimes figures moved up the stays and about the rigging, all black as ebony save for the silver edging to each spar, mast, cord, and moving shadow. But, Lord! how the mosquitoes bit down by the fat mud-banks of the shore—great speckled fellows they were, and with the appetites of unfed tigers for good fresh Scottish blood.

On these nights it was hot with a kind of lukewarm heat, and

Will and I would gladly have cast off our light clothes and plunged into the heaving waters. We refrained, however, owing to the presence of certain curious objects out in the bay. These were most like black bottles set aslope upon the sea, save that they passed and repassed swiftly and noiselessly across the shining wake of the moon, glistening like wet leather as they vanished into the shadow. They were the back fins of a school of sharks, and, as may well be believed, the sight put bathing out of our heads.

It was upon our return from one of these rambles that we found Saul Mark waiting for us. He greeted us cordially enough, but with more than usual of the sneering manner which made me hate him so. He was seated very much at his ease in the little chamber at the end of the weaving-shed, where for ordinary we swung our hammocks, and kept what privacy was possible for us. It was a pleasant place save for the mosquitoes, and these we made shift to rid ourselves of by raising a great smoke or 'smudge,' as we called it, outside just beyond the verandah. This we started on one side or the other according as the wind blew. It was, therefore, through a fine cloud of this smoke that we discerned our unwelcome visitor, his black beady eyes sparkling, and his large silver earrings glinting in the smoky firelight which came in through the open door, bringing with it the rolling smoke. This last kept us all three coughing, and rendered more bizarre our interview with Anna's father.

'Your health, gentlemen,' he said without moving, as we came in.

He had found and opened a large square case-bottle of hollands, the gift of the Lady Juanita. He lifted a tankard and quaffed to us courteously, leaning back the while in our only chair and crossing one leg over the other very much at his ease.

At which Will Bowman only grunted, but I saluted the man courteously enough, both because he was Anna's father, and because (save in a matter of conscience) I have always tried to steer the course which most avoids the perils of our life's pilgrimage by land and sea—not always, I admit, with entire success, but always with the best intent.

'You have been out to visit the señoritas—ah, youth, youth!' he cried, holding up his hands; 'well, I'm the last man to blame you. I drink instead to your fair ladies' eyes.'

'We have been down by the shore edge to admire the moonlight upon the water.' So I answered him gravely.

'Ah,' he cried, with a note of added gusto in his voice, 'so it was in my time—I also went to admire the moonlight upon the water!'

'Nevertheless, the thing is true, sir,' said I, with a respectful assurance which I thought fitted to convince the most unbelieving.

'Ah, what have you in that pocket?' he said, pointing to the place in my blue working blouse where I carried Anna's letters in a flapped inside pouch, secured with a button and tag.

At this I was astonished, and, I fear, showed something of it. Saul Mark nodded gently.

'Good lads—good lads,' he said, 'why should you be ashamed? We are all a little family party here—husbands and wives, sons and daughters—a little mixed perhaps at present, but full of the possibilities of domestic bliss when once we have settled down somewhat!'

And his expression was that of a demon driver who cracks his whip of fire over a new and unstaed team.

Will and I had no words to answer him, and, after gloating over our silence for a moment, he went on.

'But now I need you, young sirs,' he said; 'you and I have work before us. I remember well your many excursions in the High Woods, when we were all, in a manner of speaking, so happy together on the Isle of the Winds—before the coming of Captain Key's cruel pirates. You know the place of our adventure. I will reveal to you a secret. Under the blessing of the Almighty, we are fitting out an expedition to retake the island and find Morgan's treasure. It is not the first time Master Philip here has gone treasure-seeking. God give him better luck on this occasion! Your dusky friend comes with us as guide. I think you know what he will guide us to. Therefore make ready. Leave the weaving for a week or two. The weavers will have a holiday and the webs will not rot. The Commandante also will leave a guard to keep all safe. So be ready to go on board the *San Estéban* at any time upon a summons!'

There was nothing for us but to obey, and I nodded my promise of obedience, while Will sulkily combed the back of his hand with a teasel.

'We will not fail you!' I answered.

'No, I shall see to it that you do not!' he answered, smiling. And that was the one word of threatening he used.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## SAUL MARK EXPLAINS.

IN addition to warning Will and myself, that very honest man, Saul Mark, made himself clear to all concerned on a certain hot evening a fortnight later. It was in the wide half-underground apartment set aside for Captain Stansfield and his companion in the Monastery of Saint John of Brozas. The Donna Juanita Silveda had just arrived to visit her compatriots. As was her wont on such occasions, she had left Anna without in the harbour where were Saul Mark's papers and charts. The girl lifted one at random, and to her surprise found it a map of the Isle of the Winds, with the fathoming of all the anchorages and girding reefs carefully marked. The position of the village was exactly indicated, but the work had evidently been interrupted, for the interior of the island was a blank with only a few vague pencil markings upon it.

'Why have you brought me here again?' Anna heard her mother say as she entered. The reply was inaudible. Then in a few moments the woman's voice grew louder. 'I will not!' she cried shrilly. 'I tell you I will not—I would sooner die!'

Whereat the girl moved nearer to the door, thinking it no shame to listen when all our lives depended upon her vigilance. She had not to go outside, for even where she was, hidden among the crimson blossoms of the harbour, the voices came clearly enough to her ear.

Then Anna distinguished the voice of Saul Mark, not raised like that of a commander, but only made somewhat more emphatic as if what he said admitted of no argument.

'It is not a question of your will, my Lady Juanita, but of your necessity,' he said; 'not of *may*, but of *must*. I speak, remember, to a man and a woman who are both at this moment not only sinners but, in the eye of the law, convict murderers.'

'And who planted the thought in our hearts? Who hounded us to that which was done?' It was her mother's voice, raised almost to a shriek, that Anna heard as she stood trembling among the heavy crimson-petaled creepers.

'Hush, Janet—it is useless,' joined in the deep quiet voice of Captain Stansfield. 'This man is our taskmaster. Let him say the thing he will.'



Saul Mark laughed a little scornfully.

'How wise is Sir Philip!' he said, 'how clearly he grasps the situation! It is a pity this prescience had not come somewhat earlier. It would have prevented many things—the Blue Room at New Milns for one thing, the limekiln of Provost Gregory Partan for another, a hundred tall ships scuttled and burned upon the high seas, blindfold plungings from slippery plank-ends, poor Jim Pembury and the lads of the *Corramantee*, some thousand boys dropping one by one in plantation cane-brakes—these and much more. And now Sir Philip chooses to be nice about a puling woman and a pair of youths as little distinguished from all the others as the acorns of one tree!'

'Saul,' said Janet Mark, as if trying to touch him, 'one of them is his son and loves our daughter!'

If she spoke the word with the intent of exciting pity, it was ill-judged. He only shook his silver earrings and laughed his short crackling laugh.

'Ah, "love," Janet—"love"! It is a great word, and who knows its meaning if not you? You loved me! You told me so, you remember, once on a day. Sir Philip there once loved his father. He loved his wife, and swore it at the altar. His brother John loved him. Then, by a twist of the sand-glass, all is changed. You, my lady, loved Philip; you hated me. Philip hated his father, his wife, his child. Only I, poor Saul, do not change. I love you as much now as ever. And I will help you all to obtain that which your heart desires!'

'Villain!' cried Janet, 'you, not he, killed Philip Stansfield's father. You egged him to speak the words which condemned him—in the blue room of New Milns, it was your hand struck the blow!'

Looking past the centre of the harbour door, Anna could see Captain Stansfield lift his arm and lay his palm upon the woman's wrist restrainingly. He appeared about to speak, but Saul went on:

'Hear me out—at least for old sake's sake. We were speaking of love, were we not? I give the sand-glass another turn (he had been fingering one which stood on the table), and what do I see? Still this *love*. Philip loves his wife. You, my dear wife, love Don Nicholas and—your red-and-gold coach. My daughter loves Philip Stansfield the Second! Again I am the only faithful one. I alone love you all and make my dispositions without considering the turning of hour-glasses and the chameleon thing called Love Eternal!'

Then Philip Stansfield spoke.

'Say that which you have to say, Saul Mark. What do you wish us to do? By the sin I have sinned, by the blood I have shed (there is enough on my hands, whether that of a father or no), I am bound to this man as men bind their souls to the devil.'

Saul Mark bowed a smiling acknowledgment of the comparison.

'You do me too great honour, Sir Philip; we made a bargain, you and I. For so much, you gave so much. Did not you receive that which you bargained for? Am I a devil, then, because my side of the bargain holds?'

'Say plainly that which you desire, Saul Mark!' cried Captain Stansfield wearily; 'I am in no mood to bandy words. As to your main contention, God knows I deny you not.'

'My desire, say you,' answered Saul with a curl of his lip; 'well, to be plain, I am tired of all this. I will no longer be pirate, privateer, conquistador. I would go home to that which is mine. I would settle down at New Milns, live decently and cleanly, huzza for the King on Coronation Day, hob-nob with the parson a-Sundays, squeeze Umphray Spurway, and in a word, Sir Philip, do all those things which the little matter of the Blue Room and several others prevent you from going home to do!'

'There are obstacles,' said Captain Stansfield quietly; 'the law—my brother John, who will yield nothing easily—my son—'

'Stop,' said Saul, 'we will only consider the last, if you please. As for the lawyer Jock (the name is your own), I hold him in the hollow of my hand, even as I hold his elder brother. His practice and character in Edinburgh are now so excellently respectable that he dares not quarrel with me. But "your son," say you? Now I will not insult a man of your sense by supposing that as a father you can have any affection for such a son. You were no stickler, Philip, when your own father, who gave you all, stood in your path. This boy is altogether too puny a gnat to strain on now. He is in my way, I tell you. He threatens to be more in my way. He has a faculty, common to cats and other sleek animals, of landing on his feet. And when I am settled at New Milns and lieutenant of the shire, I want no long-lost heirs coming knocking upon my front door. We must put that beyond doubt. Plainly, Philip Stansfield the elder, you cannot go back to claim your heritage. *Philip the younger shall not!*'

'What—would you murder the innocent lad?' cried Janet Mark.

'Murder—murder!' cried Saul scornfully; 'we three are far beyond calling any necessary rearrangement of dead and living by that name. The thing is at best but a convention. There are many ways by which killing is no murder—the Holy Inquisition for one. There is to be an *auto da fé* in a fortnight. If you, Sir Philip, have any suggestions on heresy for the reverend fathers of Saint John, they will, I doubt not, be pleased to consider them. There is much done in these islands which is impossible even in the capital of his most Christian and Catholic Majesty of Spain. But I know of something better for him and for all of us. The lad is brave enough and shall die a brave man's death. You have heard of Morgan's treasure? Well, I have found it! And I have promised it to the Convent and Don Nicholas as the price of my liberty. The good fathers are even now fitting out an expedition to recapture the Isle of the Winds, to recover the treasure, and to bring the whole back hither!'

'But Morgan's treasure cannot be reached alive,' said Sir Philip; 'how will you perform your promise?'

'I shall not perform it. I intend that Masters Philip Stansfield the Younger and Will Bowman shall reach it. They shall descend to the pitch lake! Whether they be permitted to return is quite another matter!'

'You shall not—you shall not,' cried Janet fiercely; 'of this your wickedness—my husband—Don Nicholas shall be informed!'

'Silence!' cried Saul Mark. 'Your "husband," say you?—I am your husband—I and none other. You shall do as I bid you, Janet, or I will go to Don Nicholas and tell him that his dear Lady Juanita is a sentenced murderess, the paramour of a parricide, the gamester's lure, the lime on the fowler's twig!'

'Saul—Saul,' the woman cried, 'have pity! Have some pity! Who made me these? Was I not innocent before I knew you?'

'Innocent—innocent,' sneered Saul Mark, 'how "innocent" we all are! Go, tell Don Nicholas of your innocence after I have done with him! Where were your carriages then—your snowy mules, your petticoat governments—all gone up in the fiery reek of the next heretic-burning!'

Janet Mark was silent. She knew her new husband's Spanish nature and was afraid.

'And Anna?' she said weakly, as if she had abandoned her former contention on our behalf.

'Anna shall abide here with you—she need know nothing. By

and by we will marry her to a Don. And that poor cage-bird—your lawful spouse, my good Philip, will make an excellent nun. We must keep her safe out of the Yorkshireman's reach. I am an easy man, but she could do little harm even if she were free and had a swallow's wings.'

He looked first at one and then at the other. They were both silent before him.

'Now you see,' he said, rising from his seat, 'how moderate I am. The lad and his friend are all I demand, who might have asked all. It is indeed, how runs your scripture (you were piously brought up, Philip!), a work of necessity and mercy to remove two such youths from the temptations of an evil world. And the boy is a great seeker of treasure. Well, he shall find it now!'

When Saul Mark came out and looked about him, Anna his daughter was leaning over the brimming basin of the central fountain, laughing and trying to catch goldfish with an angle.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE NEW POWDER-MONKEY.

It may be understood that Anna's news, which she carried that very night to Will and me in the weaving-shed, touched us very nearly. For me I did not feel nearly so much terror as in such melancholy circumstances I might have anticipated. And as for Will, I think he did not believe in the reality of the danger. He had that kind of English conceit that makes a man consider himself the master, not the slave, of circumstances.

'Courage, Philip,' he said, 'you and I are far from being dead men yet. We are forewarned, which is to say forearmed. If they take us back to the Isle of the Winds, as they must if this be so, why, we shall escape and maintain ourselves in the High Woods till we get a passage home. Then Umphray Spurway will surely charter a ship, and with our fighting weavers, as well as the crew—faith, it will go hard with us if we do not drive these Spaniards into the sea.'

But somehow this seemed too remote a consummation to afford me any real comfort. But it was Will's way, and I did not contradict him. Then we sent for Eborra privately, to seek his counsel, who, when he heard that Saul Mark knew (or said he

knew) of the hiding-place of Morgan's treasure, was very grave and silent for a while.

'I will go and consult my mother,' he said, and so left us quickly. It was wellnigh an hour before he returned, looking much downcast and disconcerted.

'It is true,' he said, 'he knows. Some strong Obeah has spoken to him; but One not so strong as my mother's. We shall conquer yet, but it will be hard. And we must wait. If you go to seek the treasure, Eborra will go also!'

'Perhaps they will not permit you,' I said.

'Yes—yes—they will allow—' said Eborra. 'I alone can keep the black men quiet. I only know the woods. Perhaps Saul may kill me after, but first he will let me go.'

I need not recount the anxious days, the hot and sleepless nights we spent, Will and I, while the *San Estéban* was being fitted up and the expedition for the Isle of the Winds prepared. We soon found that Don Nicholas also had been drawn into the venture. It had been suggested to him that the annexation of a new island to his master's dominions, and the destruction of a nest of pirates and buccaneers which had long been given to capturing Spanish treasure ships, would bring him vast credit in Old Spain. And besides, was there not great treasure to be gained, not only from the hoards of Sir Henry Morgan, which Saul Mark had promised to disclose, but also from those more immediate and accessible ones amassed by Captain Key and his men?

For long we could not understand what it was the expedition was kept waiting for. Everything seemed ready. The arms and powder were on board. All the *bucan* and dried food and grains were on board. Cattle were in readiness to be slaughtered upon the eve of embarkation. Yet still we waited. It was Anna as usual who brought us word that we were delaying in order to allow the new levies to be landed out of the great galleon now on her way from Carthagena to Port of Spain.

One morning, however, as we looked out of the weaving-shed, we could see her masts and precipitous sides looming solemnly up the bay like some huge sea-monster, and the same evening the soldiers were ashore—a goodly enough band of stout fellows, with the country bloom yet red on their cheeks. For they came mostly from the northern provinces, which from the first have reared the best fighting stock of Spain.

I know not what suspicion had suddenly taken possession of our captors, but on the same day that the ship for Port of Spain

landed her first boatload of soldiers, a detail of men came to the weaving-shed and put us both in irons again, or rather tethered us up like dogs at a kennel's mouth. For they fastened the same iron belts as at first about our waists, and to the ring they welded a chain swivelled behind by means of Pompey Smith and his travelling forge. But instead of sending us to the gang, they bored a hole in the stout wood of the shed about the middle of the northern side, then they thrust the chain through and made it fast to a great stake of wood driven into the ground on the outside. It was (in other circumstances) a most laughable predicament that we were in.

For we were thus able to do our work and even to meet and converse privately, having freedom of motion to the extent of our chains, though unable to reach the fastenings by which we were tethered.

The negro and half-breed women and lads who formed our working party laughed broadly at first, but since we had always been kind to them they grew sorry in their hearts to see us thus treated. Besides, we told them that if they did not obey us when we spoke, they would surely have black men set over them—overseers who would whip them as they whipped the chain-gang. For such people of colour as are placed in authority over their own kind are much more severe than any white taskmasters. It is curious to hear them cracking their whips and crying, 'You dam nigger!' 'You black son of perdition!' when in point of colour there is not a shade to choose between slave and taskmaster.

In the evening arrived Saul Mark with great profession of sympathy to assure us that this was wholly the Commandante's doing, but that it would not be for long. All was being done that could be done, and the goodwill of the Abbot and the Grand Inquisitor was being used on our behalf.

'But what can such young sparks expect?' he said, with a cunning leer. 'I am advised that your favour has been altogether too high with the Lady Juanita. Ah, sly dogs—sly dogs!'

But we held our peace save to say that we had done nothing to deserve chains, and that we hoped that they would soon be removed.

As of course we could not now sleep in our hammocks in the inner room, some of the kinder of our work-folk brought us woven mats of palm-fibre, on which we slept not so ill, having pulled our waist-rings round as they showed us till the chain and its attachments were in front. So we made shift to get some sleep, lying

wholly on our backs, which on any hard bed is the only position of comfort.

In this dolorous manner we lived at the weaving-house of Porto Rico till the sailing of the Port of Spain galleon—that is for the better part of a week. The new soldiers, not yet accustomed to the routine of small colonies, came and jeered at us to pass the time. After a year or two in these climates they would be content enough to do nothing when they came off duty.

At last the day of the embarkation arrived. The *San Estéban* was loaded deep with stores and men. Not much provision was taken, for with a favourable wind the distance was no great matter. Yet there was ever a thought in my heart. I wondered how with this one ship, loaded down with soldiers as she was, Saul and his Spaniards could hope to force the passage perilous of the reefs to the anchorage of the Isle of the Winds. But I might have known that Saul Mark would certainly have a plan clear in his head before setting out.

Not till we were being conveyed on board were our chains taken off. As soon as I got out of the weaving-shed I looked every way for Anna, but saw no sign of her. I felt somewhat sore-hearted thus to part without any word of farewell from her. But there was no help for it. We were speedily transported on board and found places as best we could behind the bulwarks on the main deck. The anchor came up with a rattle and a cheer, the sails filled, and we were off. I sat watching the long battlements of the Castle of Porto Rico, but saw no sign of my sweetheart. Not a kerchief waved along the whole dull front of masonry, which made my heart yet sicker and sadder than ever before.

But I had not time to think these heavy thoughts long. For the drums beat to quarters, and Don Nicholas and Saul Mark, with the Grand Inquisitor standing near them, appointed all of us our stations in case of any attack.

The guns were stripped, run out, and cleaned. Then came a bout of practice at the isolated sea rocks as we sailed past them. There was a cry for the powder-monkeys. The hatches were lifted, and the first on deck with a bucket on her head was Little Anna Mark, looking more like a winsome boy than ever in her high-kilted Indian dress, the leathern fringes blowing back in the light winds, and a flush of defiance on her lips as she gravely turned to salute her father and Don Nicholas!

(To be concluded.)



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